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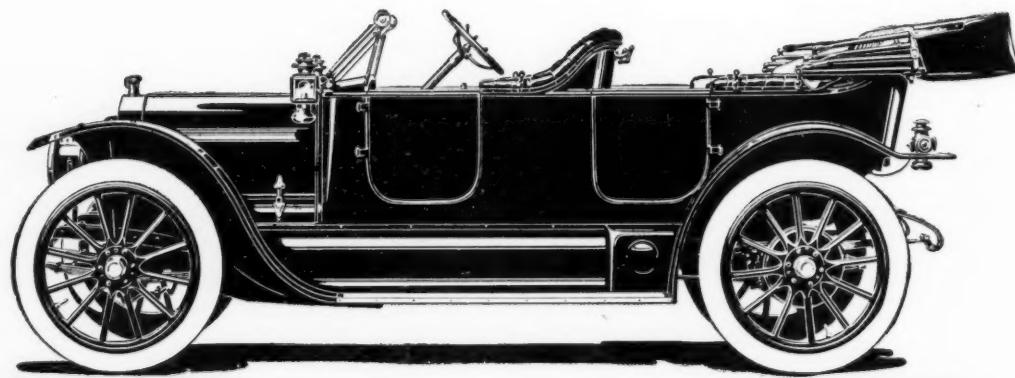


LIFE

A TROUBLESOME TOY

Rambler

1912—Cross Country—\$1650



IT'S 38 horse-power, five-passenger, with 120-inch wheel base and 36x4-inch wheels and tires. *It's long, it's low, it's roomy.* Low with drop frame—long, with front axle set forward and straight line torpedo body. Roomy, with 27 inches from front seat to dash and 30 inches from seat to seat in tonneau. No outside door latches. Enclosed ventilated front and hooded dash. A car of exceeding beauty, finished in English Purple Lake—it's a rare shade of deep maroon—trimmed in nickel. Radiator to conform to body lines, high and distinctive in appearance. Fenders with sweeping grace. Powerful brakes. Rambler ejector manifold, a simple aid to power—it makes the engine hustle. In the ordinary engine every charge is of four parts fresh gas and one part burnt gas. The ejector manifold removes the fifth part burnt gas and every explosion in the Rambler engine consumes five parts of fresh gas. Result—power increased 25 per cent. To drive this car is exhilarating. It runs like a spirited horse. You touch the throttle and it's away. It's the Rambler Cross Country and the flag-bearer for 1912.

Equipment, Bosch magneto. Fine, large, black and nickel headlights with Prest-o-lite tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps; large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit. Top, with envelope, \$80—wind shield \$35. Demountable Wheel, less tire, with brackets and tools, \$30. Self starter \$175.

The Rambler Magazine is ready. Send for it

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Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, San Francisco

1912
Thirty-eight H. P. Models

Cross Country, 5 pass	\$1650
Suburban, 4 pass	1650
Roadster, 2 pass	1600
Sedan, 4 pass. enclosed	2500
Gotham, 5 pass. cab side Limousine	2750

1912
Fifty H. P. Models

Country Club, 5 pass	\$2250
Valkyrie, 4 pass	2250
Moraine, 7 pass	2500
Metropolitan, 7 pass. torpedo	2850
Greyhound, 6 pass. torpedo	2850
Knickerbocker, 7 pass. Berlin type Limousine	4200



An Evening Feather Hat

Designed by Laura Samuels

This is the way The Ladies' Home Journal is now giving its fashions. 12 pages in full color of fashions, needlework and interior decoration are in the October number. 15 cents a copy

©



The Dress for the Dance

Designed by Helen Taylor and Evelyn Stuart

This is the way The Ladies' Home Journal is now giving its fashions. 12 pages in full color of fashions, needlework and interior decoration are in the October number. 15 cents a copy



And This Was a Mere Man!

Extracts from the diary of Samuel Pepys, whose vanities did not seem to interfere with his political aspirations. (See LIFE, May 12th, page 879.)

17th May, 1668 (Lord's Day).—Up, and put on my new stuff-suit, with a shoulder-belt, according to the new fashion, and the bands of my vest and tunique laced with silk lace, of the color of my suit; and so, very handsome, to church.

30th May, 1668.—Up, and put on a new summer black bombasin suit; and being come now to an agreement with my barber, to keep my periwig in good order at 20s. a year, I am like to go very spruce.

4th Nov., 1666 (Lord's Day).—My taylor's man brings my vest home, and coat to wear with it, and belt, and silver-hilted sword; so I rose and dressed myself and I like myself mightily in it.

29th March, 1667.—To a periwig-makers, and there bought two periwigs, mighty fine; indeed, too fine, I thought, for me; but he persuaded me and I did buy.

31st March, 1667 (Lord's Day).—To church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new periwig, make a great show.

11th June, 1665 (Lord's Day).—Up, and expected long a new suit, but coming not, dressed myself in my new black silk camelot suit; and, when fully ready, comes my new one of colored ferrandin, which my wife puts me out of love with, which vexes me. . . . They being gone, I out of doors a little to show, forsooth, my new suit.

15th June, 1665.—Up, and put on my new stuff suit with close knees, which becomes me most nobly, as my wife says. At noon, put on my first laced band, all lace.

13th June, 1661.—To Alderman Backwell's, but his servants not being up, I went home and put on my gray cloth suit and faced white coate, made of one of my wife's petticoates.

28th Oct., 1664.—My taylor brings me home my fine, new colored-cloth suit,

"Djer-Kiss"
PROONOUNCED DEAR KISS

*“L'odeur délicate
du parfum Djer-
Kiss donne la
touche finale à la
toilette féminine.”*

—Kerkoff, Paris

Extract, Toilet Water, Sachet, Face and Talcum Powder
At all Dealers. Send 6c for sample of Extract and Sachet
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(Translation)

“The delicate fragrance of Djer-Kiss perfume gives the crowning touch of refinement to the feminine toilet.”

—Kerkoff, Paris

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All the World



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1 NORDICA, 2 FREMSTAD, 3 MARY GARDEN, 4 ALICE NIELSEN,
5 ZENATELLO, 6 BONCI, 7 CAVALIERI, 8 CONSTANTINO, 9 LIPKOWSKA,
10 BAKLANOFF, 11 AMATO, 12 McCORMACK, 13 BONINSEGNA,
14 EMMY DESTINN, 15 SAMMARCO, 16 ANSELMI, 17 MARDONES.

Records of all these magnificent voices, and of scores of others, may be purchased of **Columbia** dealers. Many of them **nowhere else**; for they are now singing under **exclusive** contracts with the

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Box 270, Tribune Bldg., New York

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Exclusive selling rights granted to dealers where we are not actively represented



my cloak lined with plush, as good a suit as ever I wore in my life and mighty neat, to my great content.

30th Oct., 1664 (Lord's Day).—Put on my new, fine, colored-cloth suit, with my cloak lined with plush, which is a dear and noble suit, costing me about 17 pounds.

And how about Horace Walpole and “Dizzy,” not to mention a lot more recent ballot monopolists who spend hours trying to match their socks and neckties?

M. B. Gilson.

Expert Advice

The prison turnkey found the two cellmates deeply engrossed. One pored over the market reports of a newspaper and figured on the margin with a pencil. His cellmate sat expectant.

“Bill,” said the “mathematician” at last, “you could make thirty-four dollars a night stealin’ hogs in Iowa.”

—Success.

TICKET SELLER: I hear that two-headed boy comes from Utah.

PROPRIETOR: Well, we'll advertise him as a Mormonstrosity.—Lippincott's.



Now We're Off!

That Boston Number

Is coming in October. In intellectual astuteness and transcendent perspicacity it is unequalled in the annals of contemporary literature.

It will be on all newsstands—ten cents a copy—on the seventeenth day of October (Tuesday).

Boston papers please copy.

This number, by the way, is not an exclusive local product. Inasmuch as Boston has insinuated its atmosphere into every remote hamlet of the country, so this number—

But a word to the wise is sufficient.

Next week LIFE publishes its first center page cartoon in colors. The drawing is by Orson Lowell, and is entitled, "Another Mystery Unravelled."

This is only the beginning.

That new era we mentioned the other day is all ready for business. What the colored covers have done for the outside of LIFE, the colored pictures will do for the inside. It's the final touch—until next time.

Last week we advised you not to subscribe—just then.

But now is the right time. It's the logical beginning of the year. You don't want to miss having your file of LIFE start with the first colored inside picture. It will be followed by others at intervals, and in order not to miss a single copy, you should become a regular yearly subscriber.

You know that for five dollars, LIFE represents the best intellectual asset you could possibly have. We are sparing no expense to get out the most artistic paper in the world. It's cheaper for what you get than anything else. When you are cheerful, you are successful. Insure yourself for twelve months.

Subscription	\$5.00
Canadian	5.52
Foreign	6.04



Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13; Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This offer is net.

LIFE, 17 W. 31 Street, New York

Rhymed Reviews

The Ne'er-do-well

(By Rex Beach. Harper & Brothers)

Old Anthony, the Railroad King,
Possessed a wayward son—for Kirk
was
Averse to doing anything;
He simply did not know what work
was.

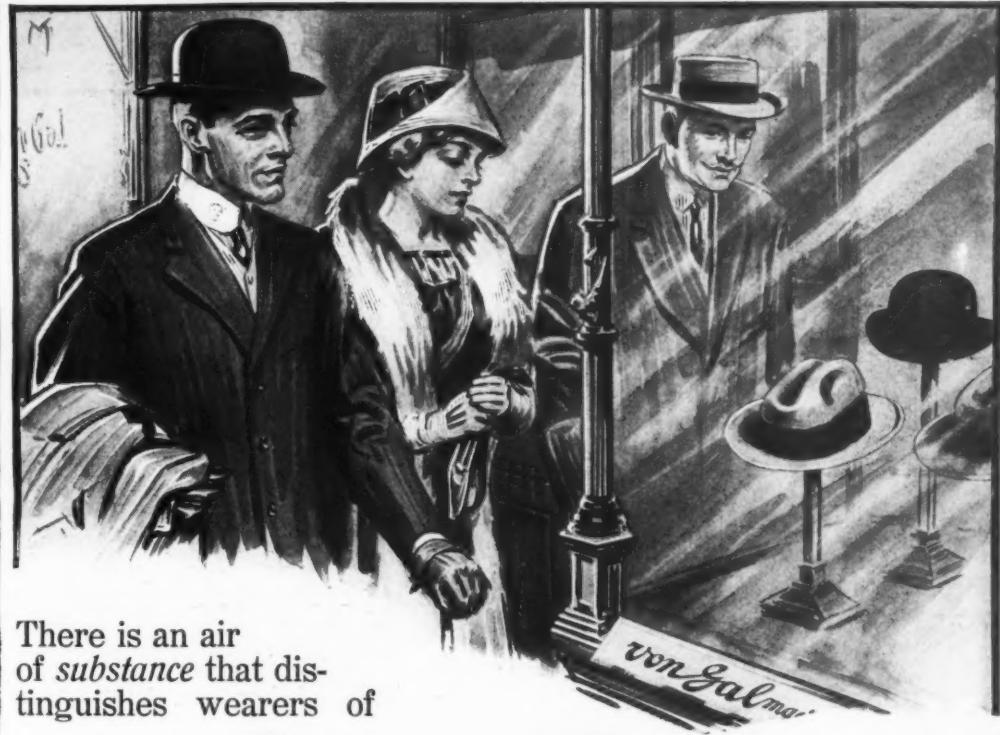
But one wild night it came to pass
That while he lifted highballs mouth-
ward,
Depraved companions doped his glass
And shipped him, sweetly sleeping,
southward.

He found himself in Panama
Without a cent and debts accruing.
He sent a cablegram to Pa
Who curtly answered, "Nothing
doing!"

Then Mrs. Courtlandt took him up;
That lovely lady politician
Invited him to dine and sup
And found him quite a good position.

This married lady loved him well;
But Kirk, our breezy young Albanian,
Adored Gertrudis Garavel,
A charming little Panamanian.

Rejected, Mrs. Courtlandt made
The path of love such thorny treading
That pansy-eyed Gertrudis laid
Her hand in Kirk's in secret wedding.



There is an air
of substance that dis-
tinguishes wearers of

von Galmade Hats

"CORRECT STYLES
FOR MEN."

Absolutely correct styles, splendid workmanship, fine materials and trimmings unite to give these hats a tone that is instantly recognized. Wear guaranteed.

Prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Fall and Winter Style Book T, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight, and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover expressage.

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of the

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Hawes

\$3
Hat

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Offices and Salesrooms:
1178 Broadway, New York
297 Washington Street, Boston

Factories: Danbury, Conn.

Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada.

Straw Hat Factory: Baltimore, Md.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Maybe You Haven't Seen it Recently

Just now—as the anniversaries of the Civil War battles come round—there will be printed the original wood-cuts of those battles—the rich, vivid, **heart-warming pictures** made on the spot. Did you know that these **rugged reproductions** cannot be seen elsewhere?

Harper's Weekly is edited. Yes, some periodicals are merely published. Publishing can be legitimate only as the means to get good editing to you.

"Comment" is watched by editorial writers on every American newspaper—most carefully by those who do not like it. The majority do, and through them "Comment" influences public opinion to a remarkable degree. You might read "Comment" first hand—there are always two pages of it.

Picture work; Word
work; Color work—
all the Very Best

At the nearest
news-stand—you
had better get it

Now Jealousy had done her work
On Mrs. Courtlandt's husband, Ste-
phen,
Who made a scene, denouncing Kirk—
A foolish way of getting even;

For when he learned his bad mistake
He shot himself in deep contrition,—
A course that only served to make
Poor Kirk a mark for worse suspicion.

Accused of murder, slandered, gyved,—
Our hero's case was most distressing,
When Father Anthony arrived
To clear his boy and give his blessing.

Though none may doubt that Mr. Beach
Can put a plot through all its paces,
I wish our novelists would teach
A kinder view of Southern races.

For if the Nation's spirit feeds
On everything that's said and written,
In fine contempt for "lesser breeds"
We'll soon out-Britishize the Briton.
Arthur Guiterman.

Fixed Prices on Quantity Orders for Packard Trucks

THAT those who buy Packard trucks in quantity lots may be given the benefit of the reduced cost of selling and that all buyers may have absolutely the same proportionate benefit, we have fixed a sliding scale of prices upon the following basis:

Orders for single trucks will be filled only at the regular list prices: \$3400 for the 3-ton chassis and \$2800 for the 1½-ton chassis.

Orders for several trucks to be delivered and paid for at the same time will entitle the purchaser to a percentage reduction in price equivalent to the number of ordered trucks multiplied by the constant .0015. Thus, on an order for 10 three-ton truck chassis, the price would be calculated as follows:

Ten chassis at \$3400	\$34,000
Percentage reduction equals number of chassis (10) multiplied by constant .0015, which is .015. 1.5 per cent of total list price (\$34,000) equals	510
Net price of the ten chassis	\$33,490
Net price of each of the ten chassis	3,349

When a number of trucks are ordered for delivery in installments within a specified period, the reduction allowed upon the successive installments will be cumulative, so that at the completion of the entire order the purchaser will have received upon all trucks a maximum reduction the same as on a unit order for an equal number of trucks.

This system applies uniformly in establishing the prices for all orders of from two to fifty trucks, the latter number being the point of maximum reduction. The quantity prices apply to chassis only. Body list prices are net regardless of the number ordered.

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIFE



WIRELESS

Our Alaskan Investigation

WHEN the committee in the Alaskan investigation reconvened, President Taft was still on the stand.

MR. COMSTOCK: Mr. Taft, what do you know about the morals of Alaska?

MR. TAFT: Morals is a matter with which I have nothing to do. That I can truthfully say. Furthermore, I can truthfully say that I have consulted my brother, Mr. Charles P. Taft, and I can truthfully say that he is in no way mixed up in the morals of that great natural resource, never has been and never will be.

MR. ABBOTT: Speaking of brothers, is it not a fact that your administra-

tion would be much pleasanter all around if you hadn't quite so many relatives?

MR. TAFT: Possibly. But when there is a President in the family, you can't blame relatives for trying to make all they can out of it.

KING GEORGE: Of course not. By the way, would you like to sell Alaska?

MR. TAFT: Mercy, no! A republic never sells anything. We either give it away or let somebody steal it. Only in one of those two ways can individual initiative be preserved and the public domain developed.

MR. DEBS: You stated in your message that you desired to encourage in-

vestment in Alaska. How do you propose to do it?

MR. TAFT: By giving away valuable grants of land and rights of way.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN: But it requires no investment to receive land and rights of way gratis.

MR. TAFT: It is quite evident you do not understand our leading American investors. They never pay for anything unless they can get it for nothing.

MR. DEBS: And then they proceed to make the people reimburse them for the tremendous outlay. Is that it?

MR. TAFT: Upon advice of my campaign manager, I decline to answer.

The regular hour having arrived, the committee adjourned.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVIII. SEPTEMBER 28, 1911 No. 1509

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't., A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.,
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



A T this writing, five days after the Maine election, people in Maine and elsewhere are still wondering whether Maine went wet or dry. The election was very close. First reports said that the proposal to take the prohibition amendment out of the State Constitution, where it had been since 1884, had been carried. Next day's reports said it had been lost. Then the reports wavered, and at this writing it is still uncertain how that election went. But it is evident that Maine is very uncertain about the expediency of State prohibition. It has had it for fifty odd years, and here it is divided about even on the question whether it wants to keep it.

The late campaign was very lively. Telling about the election, one of the papers narrated:

Simultaneously with the opening of the polls prayer meetings, which were to continue without cessation throughout the day, opened in many of the city churches. Each hour the church bells were tolled, and members who were prevented from attending the services offered up prayers for the success of the prohibition cause.

That makes it seem as though the Prohibition people had the churches with them. They should not have more than their share of them on such an issue as prohibition *versus* local option. The question is not religious. It is the question how to minimize the damage done by alcohol, and the local option folks have quite as good ground to lay their solution before the Lord and ask His backing as the Prohibitionists have. Perhaps the local option side would have done better if it had been more prayerful. We recommend it to try and get its share of the churches next time, for it is not politically wise to let the Prohibitionist assumption that the Almighty is for Prohibition go unassailed.

There is no great question that deeply engages men's thoughts that prayerful people will not pray about, but the regulation of the rum traffic is a very secular problem and the soundest prayer on that subject would seem to be that the Lord should incline the hearts of men to leave its solution to the best attainable experts and then to give their remedies a trial.

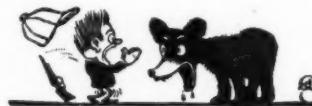
Prohibition has been on trial in Maine for fifty-four years. That is plenty long enough for it to have demonstrated its benefits and won the support of all intelligent people. It has not done so. It has failed in Maine as it has failed in every other New England State, and as it will fail eventually wherever it is tried. It is time that Maine threw it out and got a better and a wiser law, more consistent with the reasonable liberties of responsible men and the needs of cities, and less conducive to law-breaking, secret drinking and the substitution of the worst possible beverages for others not so bad.

The interests of the liquor dealers and all the traffickers in drinks should not matter a rap, nor yet the loss of revenue from taxation of beer and spirits. State prohibition is not weak and should not be cast out because the liquor interests are strong or profitable. It is weak because it does not sufficiently improve the habits and morality of the people it aims to benefit. It is a form of treatment that is not suited to highly civilized communities and never will be. It is probably better than nothing in primitive communities, but it is sure, in the long run, to pass away in any State as civilization and luxury progress, and it will go just as soon as the public intelligence rises high enough to discern that its defects are incurable.



THE President starting out on his Western journey reminded observers of Daniel embarking on a tour of lion's dens. We congratulate the lions—Cummins, Bristow, La Follette, Bourne and all the rest. There are a good many of them, but there is a good deal of President Taft and no hungry lion should fail of a bite.

As we write, the traveler is just getting under way with a 13,000-miles-in-six-weeks journey before him, and a list of topics to discuss that runs down the alphabet from Administration policies and Alaska to Uniform Divorce and Universal Arbitration. No doubt the country will get abundance of valuable information from Mr. Taft. Will he tell, we wonder, why stocks have fallen so and continue so to fall? Not that it matters so much whether stocks are up or down, but folks ruminate about them a good deal and if Mr. Taft thinks about them, there are numbers of people who would be glad to know what he thinks. The nearest things to that topic that appear in his list are "Supreme Court Decisions and Their Effects," "Trusts," and "Railway Legislation." They are pretty near, to be sure.



TWO favorite topics of discourse among citizens, as the President knows, are politics and business. They have talked politics enormously for several years past. If stocks keep on dropping, it is quite likely that they will presently be talking business, not because stocks are low, but because the facts and fears and influences that have depressed stocks will incline them to that topic. And when it comes to selecting a new President, which will be pretty soon now, it is quite possible that business will be more thought about than direct primaries, referendums, initiatives, recalls, or any of the new remedies for political sin. President Taft knows that and perhaps he will say that he was thinking of it when he vetoed those tariff bills. But they do not seem to be prominent among his topics on this trip and indeed there is not much to be said about them. It will be more to the present point if, as a jurist and a citizen, he will take the people into his confidence and tell them, as between friends, whether he thinks the country has got the Sherman Anti-Trust law or the Sherman law has got the country. There is about this matter a good deal of dubiety as to which of us is the bear and which is the trap.



September



VIRUS VERSUS VALOR.



GAOL-BIRDS ONLY MAY GAMBLE IN NEVADA.



THE PASSING OF THE WATER WAGON.



SOME CONFECTIONS IN METAL FROM PARIS.



QUEEN MARY'S NEW FAN.



PROSPERITY BAD FOR MESSENGER BOYS.

• LIFE •

Tariffitis

THE Ultimate Consumer lay very ill. He had tariffitis in its worst form.

Dr. Insurgent rushed in and prescribed a bit of wool reduction. But Dr. Taft shook his head solemnly and the hopeful gleam in the eyes of the Ultimate Consumer died out.

Dr. Democracy came in, looked over the patient and wrote a prescription for lower tariff all along the line as well as for a free list.

But Dr. Taft said "No. That would only give you a temporary relief and then you would have a relapse. I have appointed a committee of eminent specialists who will diagnose your case and tell us just what to do for you."

"Who are they?" weakly whispered the Ultimate Consumer.

"They constitute a congressional investigating committee."

"Alas," sighed the sufferer, "by the time they get around to me they can't make a diagnosis; they will have to hold an autopsy."

IF marriage is a lottery, divorce should be referred to post-office inspectors.



"THAT OVERCOAT IS MADE OUT OF FIVE-DOLLAR BILLS."

"YES, AND WHEN IT WEARS OUT THE OLD FOX TAKES IT TO THE MINT AND REDEEMS EACH BILL, THUS MAKING THE GOVERNMENT KEEP HIM IN COATS."

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-four years. In that time it has expended \$126,447.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 32,730 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$8,067.12
In memory of "Margaret Anita" ..	5.00
Junius Brown.....	5.00
Three Little Girls of West Lane Inn	2.30
B. French.....	5.00
R. Radcliffe Whitehead.....	3.60
Mrs. Elsie Hobson.....	5.00
Total	\$8,093.02

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

A complete bathroom outfit from Joseph H. Buckley, New Haven, Conn.

We Protest

In all my travels I never have seen a city surpassing Boston in any particular.—*Mayor Fitzgerald's Home-Coming Interview in Boston Traveler.*

WE should like to have Mayor Fitzgerald look over our slums and our Tammany Hall and then let us hear from him again.

SATAN finds some mischief still for idle women in apartment hotels to do.



AB WALKER



"SAY! MY MA WANTS TO KNOW IF YOUR MA CAN GO BEGIN' WITH HER TO-DAY?"

Why Not a Parcels Post at Once?

WHY is it that you cannot send trunks by freight? We believe we are right when we say that in order to do this they first have to be crated.

Why is it that if you send anything by freight that it takes about four times as long as it ought to?

It takes one hour and thirty minutes for a fast train to go to New York from New Haven. To cover the same distance, a freight train will not take longer than three or four hours.

But if you send a package by freight from New Haven to New York, it may take days. There is no certainty when you will get it.

This forces freight, at a minimum charge, into the hands of the express companies at a maximum charge.

The express companies are so loaded with money that for years they have had to declare hundred per cent. dividends every once in a while, to get rid of it.

M. HENRY C. MOTT says: "I should like to see industries freed from perplexing and hampering laws."

And we should like to see the people freed from perplexing and hampering industries.

He Was Stabbed to the Heart

Sensational Developments Promised in Greatest Murder Case of the Century—Lovely Prisoner Continues to Receive Sympathy of All Good Americans—Exhibit of Gowns Worn—Is Andrew Carnegie Guilty?

PUBLIC interest in the great Lillington case continues at fever heat. Miss Lillington is the beautiful young woman who stabbed her brother-in-law to death with a pickle fork at the breakfast table in full view of her husband, her children and the butler.

Because of the importance of the case to all of our readers, the Judge has kindly consented to keep it on the calendar every other day for an indefinite period. We have promised to notify him when it is no longer interesting reading.

The search for Andrew Carnegie still continues. Mr. John Doe Smith, the husband of the beautiful and entrancing prisoner, it was stated last week, once borrowed fifty dollars from the Laird of Skibo; it is now known that the amount is greatly exaggerated, it being only five dollars.

How did Smith get Andrew Carnegie to lend him five dollars? That this act is intimately connected with the fatal deed of Lydia Lillington is now beyond question.

John D. Rockefeller when seen said:

"The only possible way in which Andrew Carnegie would have lent any man—and especially a Wall Street man—five dollars, would be by his putting up a million collateral. Now as John Doe Smith has never been worth a million, I am inclined to doubt the whole affair."

Yesterday the efforts made by some of our esteemed contemporaries to get the case dismissed on the ground that Miss Lydia Lillington is regularly employed by LIFE to furnish sensations, and therefore stabbed her brother-in-law as a matter of business, was contemptuously scouted by the court.

This morning the learned Justice pointed out, in a preliminary address to the jury, that this in reality made no difference.

"The fact that the lovely woman now prisoner was employed to make a sensation does not mitigate the crime," the Court pointed out. "What we are concerned about is not so much the motive as to whether the crime in itself is suf-



*Catcher: BRING IT HERE, KATIE, BRING IT HERE QUICK!
DON'T TRY TO THROW IT!*

American Women

MRS. ANNE WARNER FRENCH, the authoress, has given up her citizenship in the United States and will hereafter live in England as a British subject. She gives as one of her important reasons for this step, the frivolousness of American women.

Mrs. French declares in substance that it is practically impossible to converse or hold any intercourse with American women on serious subjects; that their time is given up to bridge or to various kinds of piffle; that they know nothing of politics. On the other hand, English women, declares Mrs. French, are good mental companions, and she is going where she can get the most for her mental outlay.

There is undoubtedly something in this argument. Any one who takes the trouble to listen to the conversations of groups of American women must feel that they are not given up to those subjects which certain stereotyped writers are fond of designating as "the higher ideals."

American women, considered as a whole, probably have less concentration, less of that sense of persistence in a subject until it has been mastered, than any other race of women in the world. They touch lightly and inconsequently upon all things. They are what might be termed mental flitters. They are artists in the casual.

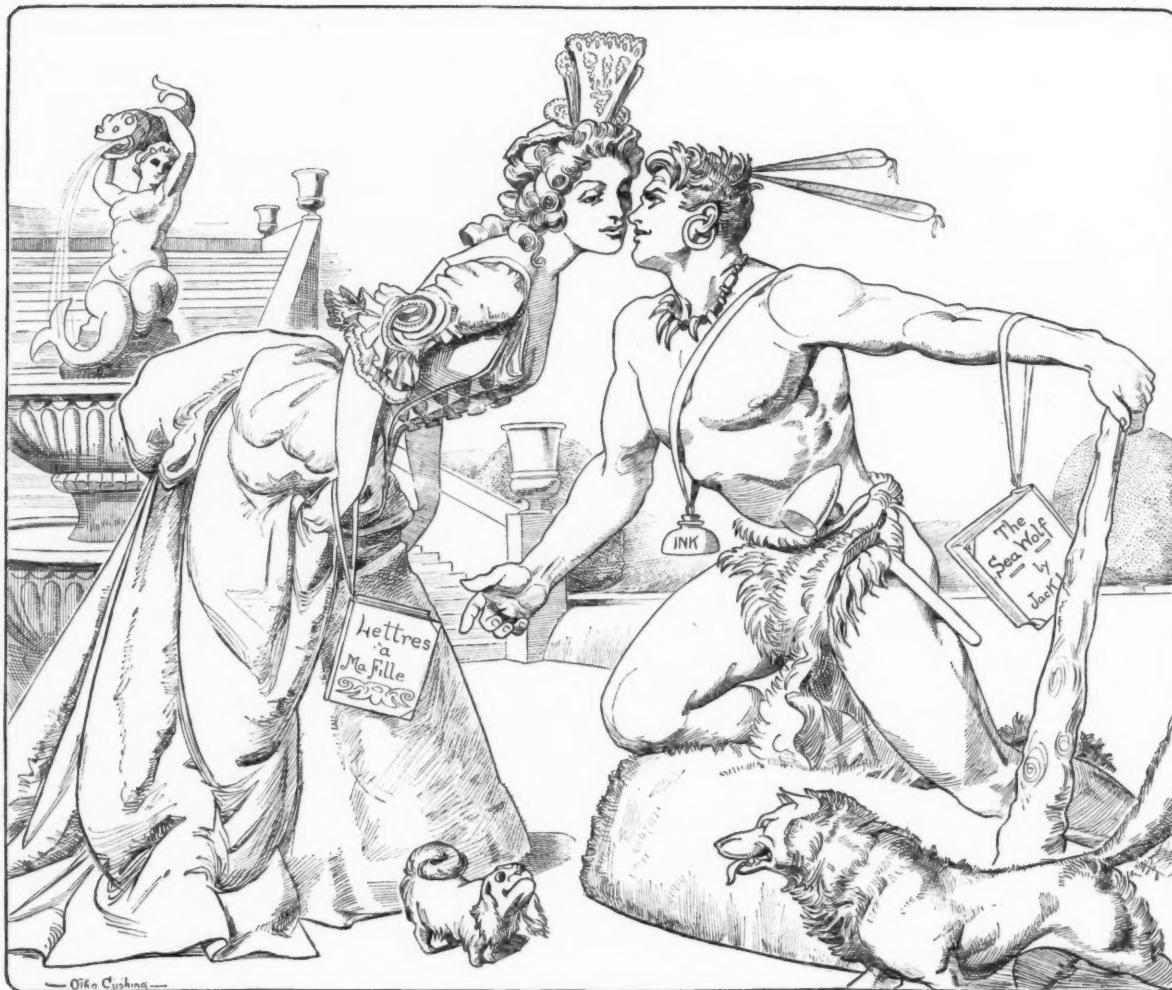
Even in subjects in which they have been more or less steeped—such as the suffrage question—they betray this mental inconstancy. And where we see occasionally some American woman who does lay claim to culture and to the student's temperament, we discover, by close study, that even she is afflicted with the incapacity for permanence. To put it baldly, you will find that, after all, "she knows a little of everything and a good deal of nothing."

Is Mrs. French so different from her sisters? Has she gone to England for change, and will she grow tired of it and later on take up some other country?

We wonder.



AN EPICURE



HISTORIC AFFINITIES

"Le Monde ou *London* s'amuse"
JACK LONDON AND MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

ficiently interesting and sensational to excite morbid curiosity. If it does excite morbid curiosity, if it does give our great reading public an opportunity to view the lovely prisoner every other day for weeks—nay, months—and moreover and to wit, if it does in addition give our wives and daughters an opportunity to see some of the beautiful gowns worn by the entrancing prisoner—why that, in the opinion of this Court, is sufficient and it shall be so ordered."

The prisoner is represented by learned counsel, Messrs. Mudsticker, Cheltenham, Carbuncleton, Kibb, Punkleworthy, Ramshackle & Biffum having kindly consented to take the case. Mr. Biffum when seen said:

"We shall promise some sensational developments. Our firm is in this heart and soul. It is true that all our time recently has been taken by the United States Government to undertake the investigation of certain well-known trusts, but

these can wait. I am now preparing the line of defense."

Our readers will be glad to learn that we have hired a spacious show window on Fifth avenue, where the prisoner's wardrobe, to be worn during her trial, will be on exhibit every afternoon and evening until further notice.

Miss Lillington continues to bear up. Yesterday she was visited by her children in the family automobile. Her husband, John Doe Smith, could not get away until after the closing of the Stock Exchange. That he once borrowed five dollars from Andrew Carnegie is now established beyond doubt and furnishes another link in the chain of evidence.

Who was Lydia Lillington's brother-in-law? Did he once, when a poor young man, befriend Andrew Carnegie? Why did the prisoner use a pickle fork, instead of a steel hat pin, upon which there is a duty?

Through the courtesy of our advertisers, we are enabled

One More Panama Wonder

COLONEL GOETHALS has issued an order that the canal bosses shall not use swear words when addressing subordinates.

It does not say how mules may be addressed, but as to the other subordinates the Colonel is right. None of us ought to swear at anybody. It is pleasant sometimes to loosen up one's vocabulary of expletives, but it is very seldom profitable. It implies abandonment of self-control, and self-control is of the first importance in bossing men. Temper under restraint is power. Temper released in violent language is power misapplied. It not only distracts and agitates the mind of the man who swears, but of the men who are sworn at. It is not scientific.

Profanity, like slang, is a refuge of the under languaged. As a means of imparting energy to mules it is said to work well in some cases, and it is possible that it sometimes has a deterrent value when used on men who are doing mischief, but what really counts in these cases is energy of spirit.

More and more Panama looms up as the eighth wonder of the world, the one place where things are done as they should be, and where things that should not be done are not done.

Trying and Doing

BRAGGS: You never know what you can do till you try.

WAGGS: That's wrong. You never know what you can do till you succeed.

BRAGGS: Well, perhaps that's better.

WAGGS: And then you're wrong. You never know what you can do when you succeed. You only know what you have been able to do.

How to Be Rich

PUT all your eggs in one basket, and then place the basket in cold storage.

to supply a list of the articles used by Miss Lillington in prison.

Piano, furnished by Poundway Grand Company.

Window curtains by Messrs. Plushem & Pinkeye.

Rugs by Beloochistan Manufacturing Company.

Manicure set by Piker & Piker, drugs.

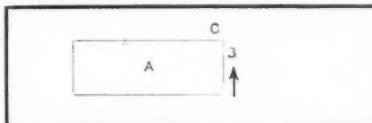
Holy Bible by the Columbia Revolving Missionary Society.



HORRORS—UPON HORRORS

(Other announcements later. These firms are all thoroughly reliable.)

We publish herewith the only accurate diagram of the murder.



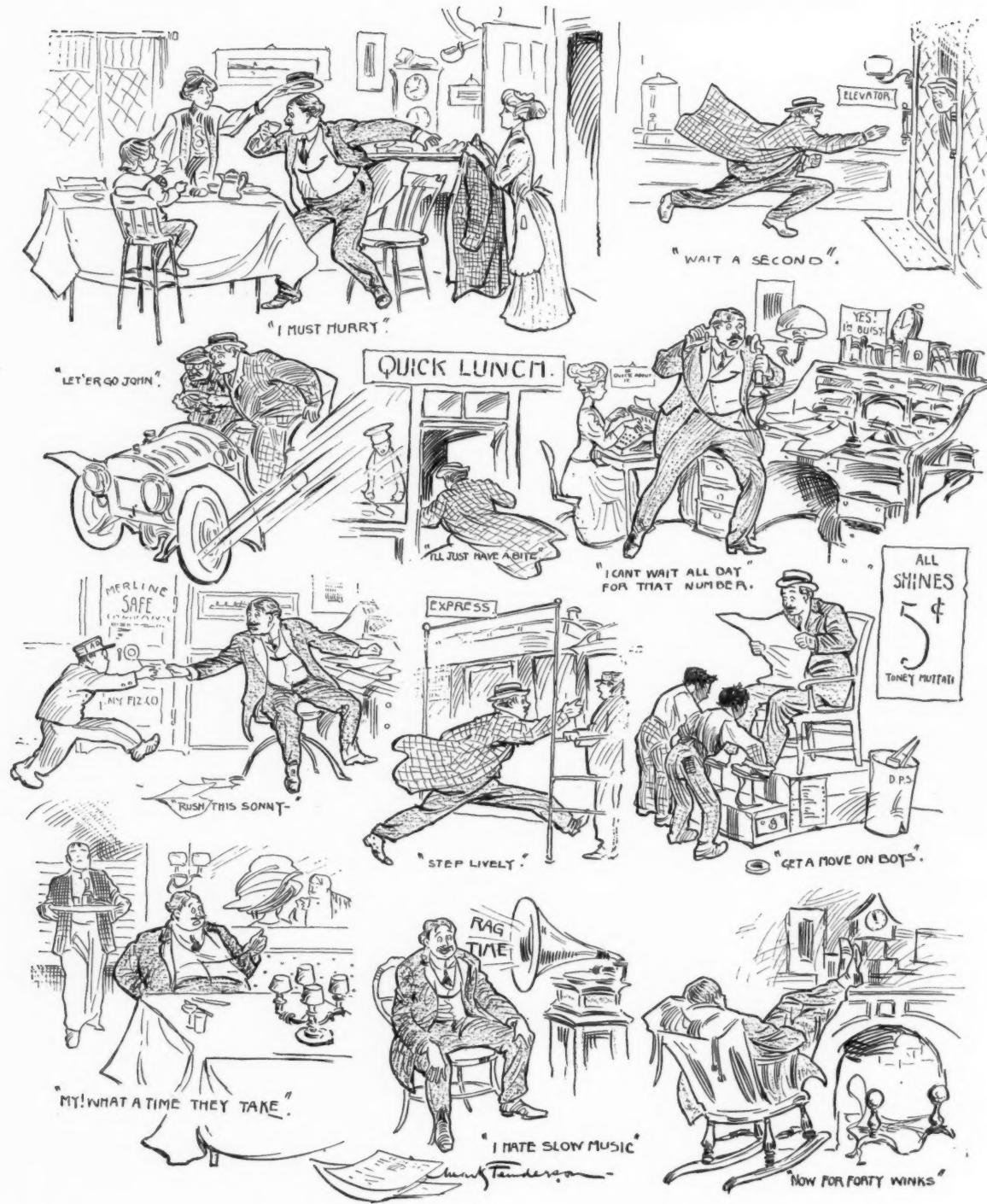
A.—Breakfast table.

B.—Prisoner's brother-in-law.

C.—Where the butler stood.

→—Pickle fork at moment of entering brother-in-law's heart.

Small samples of prisoner's lingerie breakfast gown which she wore when murder took place will be furnished in neat boxes on receipt of one year's subscription.



THE HURRY HABIT

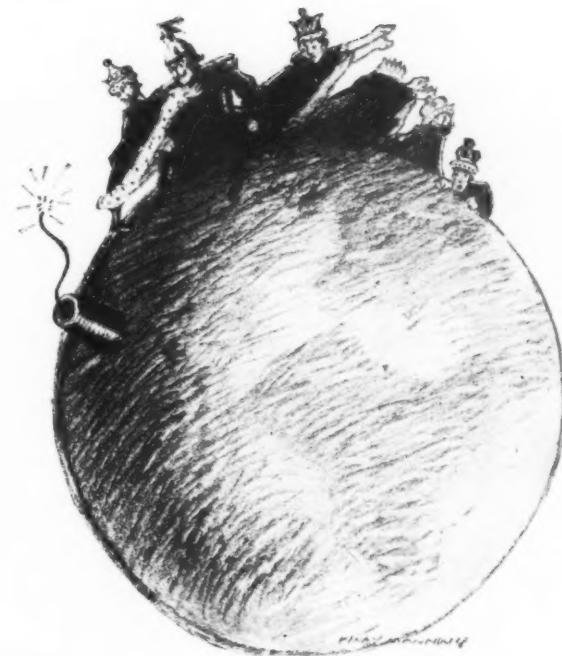
A Law-Destroying Body

CONGRESS needs a complement. All legislatures need complements. We have reduced law-making to a fine art. We can turn off laws while you wait. We can turn them off so fast that we have piled up our laws mountain-high. When laws were few, ignorance of the law excused no one and lawyers did not need to be millionaires in order to have a representative library. Now we have so many laws that ignorance of the law excuses anyone.

Many are passed, but none repealed.

With a decade of good, intelligent and systematic law-destroying this country would be almost modern.

IF Abraham Lincoln had it to say over again, as things are today, he might have modified it to "a government of the people, by lawyers, for lawyers."



The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

R. L. S.

A Strange Doctrine

DR. CHARLES SUMNER FISCHER of New York said recently:

Under normal general conditions the average stomach is able to withstand the ordinary unavoidable assaults of daily life. The specific, monotonous, scientifically considered dietary of the books does more harm than good. It is folly to expect benefit from a regime that makes life more miserable than it was before.

This seems to be revolutionary, coming from a doctor in good standing. The idea that we should go about our business and eat what we please, on the principle that Nature knows something about dietetics, if persisted in, would put all the doctors out of business.

But perhaps Dr. Fischer's statement—which appears only in the *Medical Record*—is intended for the profession only and not for ordinary lay consumption.

A Hopeless Failure

YOUR son iss not a business man, is he, Mr. Isaacstein?" asks Mr. Mosenstein.

"Gott! Louie? Business man? In business he failed yet und into bankruptcy vent—undt even his bankruptcy vas a failure, too."



More in Quantity Than Quality



THE Orientalism in Benjamin Disraeli made him the most picturesque figure in the British history of the last century and it was inevitable that some day a play should be written about him. It is an open question whether the play hasn't been written too soon, whether the first Jewish prime minister of England wouldn't have gained as a dramatic character if we could look at him at a little greater distance. He is a bit too close to a living and remembering generation to make the necessary license of the dramatist seem entirely plausible. Disraeli had a fairly strong dramatic instinct of his own and staged his own personality and accomplishments with all the theatrical effect the conditions would allow, so Mr. Louis N. Parker has no easy task in adding still more of striking and fanciful environment to a character moving in the prosaic world of British politics.

In fact Mr. Parker trusts a little bit too much perhaps to a supposed American ignorance. Successful bluffer as Disraeli was in politics and diplomacy, even an American audience has its faith weakened when an essential incident of the play is the success of the premier's bluffing methods in the world of British finance. The Governors of the Bank of England have the repute of being a pretty hard-headed lot, not at all likely to open their vaults because of a prime minister's threat to revoke their charter. And in the face of the little dab at Bulwer Lytton, which Mr. Parker puts into Disraeli's mouth, it seems little likely that the latter would steal a stage trick from Bulwer's "Richelieu" to help along even a theatrical plot.

Mr. Parker begs off from "Disraeli" being regarded strictly as a play by stating in a programme note that the piece is only a character sketch of the statesman and his



REVENGE IS SWEET

times. In this, with the aid of Mr. George Arliss and an interesting company, he has succeeded to a very considerable extent. It is difficult for any of us Americans to know just how faithful the pictures are outside of Mr. Arliss's make-up, which follows closely the peculiarities made familiar in the countless caricatures of Disraeli's period and an atmosphere supplied by a study of some of his domestic interests, backed up by costumes and decorations faithful to the prints of the period. The little plot introduced is necessary even if not convincing nor highly complex and thrilling. The author has unquestionably succeeded in doing again what he has done so well in his other plays, seized upon a period a little remote and carrying his audience with him into its spirit.

INTEREST centers, of course, in Mr. Arliss and his counterpart of a character which was puzzling even to its immediate contemporaries and associates. Taken at the height of his power and career, it would seem as though the picturing would have been more true, although perhaps less attractive, if the Disraeli were made more arrogant and dominating after the manner of those of his kind who have climbed from rebuff and defeat to the place of authority. Space precludes closer analysis, or a review of the cast, but in its entirety "Disraeli" will be found to have a charm which does not attach to plays which are plays only.

WRITTEN by a rabbi, "A Man of Honor" is a criticism of our political and public morals and again shows the keen interest of our Jewish fellow citizens in changing our standards in such matters. It deals with the power of the "interests" in corrupting our judiciary and is another leaf in the gospel of discontent. The honest judge in the end triumphs over the money power, which left no effort unmade to smirch his ermine. Of course, from the muckraking point of view, there is no limit to what the octopuses will do in this line, but this play, as well as certain recent decisions, shows that they are not always successful.

Mr. Breese was as stilted in his impersonation of *Judge Kingsley* as the author, Rabbi Isaac Landman, could possibly have desired, and the two young women in the cast had impossible female parts to which their abilities were entirely adapted. Redeeming work was done by Messrs. Ben Johnson, Ralph Delmore, Hans Robert and Edward H. Robins. Nothing could save the play from being commonplace, although it was not by any means a discreditable effort for a beginning dramatist.



"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"



HRILLS abounded in "The Rack," and it certainly held the close attention of its first audience in spite of its many crudities. Mr. Thompson Buchanan, the author, must have read the yellow journals very conscientiously to gain the idea that even fast society is so absolutely devoid of decent standards of life and of ordinary caution in evil doing, as this play would make out. Nor is it fair to take a perfectly good mystery and work it up to a thrilling climax only to disappoint everyone by a solution which violates every rule of melodrama. The dragging in of a rank outsider at the last moment of the play to take over the guilt for the murder which had kept every one guessing through the important acts was not what could be called a classy finish.

As the heroine, whose torture on the witness stand by the district attorney gives the play its name, Katherine Grey shows that her long absence from the New York stage has given her profitable experience, especially in the control of her formerly unruly voice. Mr. Milton Sills was impressive in the ungrateful rôle of a husband made jealous by a fool wife, and Mr. Conway Tearle made the unfortunate Desperate Desmond of the play effective without resorting to any of the usual villain tricks and devices. An extremely clever bit was the impersonation of the roadhouse proprietor, *Shea*, by Mr. Joseph Greene.

"The Rack," as said before, holds and thrills, but is not to be commended as an expert piece of play construction.



SUGGESTED BY THE APPEARANCE OF
MR. GEORGE ARLISS IN "DISRAELI"

NE must admit, that the score of "When Sweet Sixteen," by Mr. Victor Herbert, is not remarkable, although, of course, nothing that Mr. Herbert writes is without charm and musicianly distinction. The introduction of a medley of his earlier compositions is an agreeable feature and serves to recall what a debt the music-loving public owes to Mr. Herbert for the many, many delightful things he has done.

Mr. George V. Hobart's book has a few clever lines and his character of the stingy millionaire is that rare thing, a novelty in a musical show. This part goes to Mr. William Norris, who is ably seconded in his fun-making by Eva Williams as a hard-working and mirth-pro-

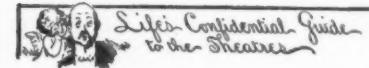


MR. HARRISON RHODES may have had a distinct idea when he started to write "Modern Marriage." He has split it up among so many characters and so much talk that long before the comedy ends one wonders what has become of the idea. Apparently it was to do for the author of a book who is hero-worshipped by women of advanced notions in matrimonial affairs what the author of "The Concert" did for the musician who is the victim of the same

kind of fool adoration. Unfortunately Mr. Rhodes didn't crystallize his satire and it is so involved that it becomes wearisome.

Mr. Scott seems to have lost some of the lightness of touch which made him one of our most agreeable comedians. Perhaps the play got on his nerves, too, for at the first performance he was guilty of a rudeness to his audience in the matter of losing his temper on the stage and giving audible evidence of the fact. Miss Emily Stevens was the heroine and shows continued improvement in her work, particularly in lessening her imitation of the mannerisms of her distinguished relative, Mrs. Fiske.

"Modern Marriage" might be re-written very thoroughly and made a fairly amusing comedy. *Metcalf*.



Astor.—"What the Doctor Ordered," by Mr. A. E. Thomas. Notice later.

Bijou.—"Modern Marriage," by Mr. Harrison Rhodes. See above.

Belasco.—"The Concert." Well acted and amusing satirical comedy, with woman's adoration of the professional musician as its theme.

Broadway.—"The Never Homes." Notice later.

Casino.—"The Kiss Waltz."

Century.—"The Blue Bird." Maeterlinck's poetic allegory well staged.

Cohan's.—"The Little Millionaire."

Comedy.—"Speed," by Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd. Rather clever comedy showing what the automobile can do to a happy family.

Criterion.—"Passers-By," by Mr. Haddon Chambers. Notice later.

Daly's.—"When Sweet Sixteen." See above.

Empire.—Mr. John Drew in "A Single Man." Pleasant comedy of manners, with Mr. John Drew as their chief exponent.

Folies Bergères.—Restaurant and frothy stage show in the school of extravaganza.

Gaiety.—"Excuse Me." The sleeping car turned into diverting farce.

Globe.—"A Gentleman of Leisure." Mr. Douglass Fairbanks as an amateur burglar getting into amusing complications.

Harris.—"Maggie Pepper." Rose Stahl starring in a somewhat melodramatic exposition of department store methods.

Hippodrome.—"Around the World." Impressive series of spectacular pictures enlivened with ballet and music.

Hudson.—"Snobs" with Mr. Frank McIntyre. Laughable light comedy exploiting the stout star's fun-making.

Knickerbocker.—"The Siren." Musical show with dancing and the Viennese waltz strongly featured.

Lyceum.—"The Arab," by Mr. Edgar Selwyn. Notice later.

Lyric.—Last week of "Everywoman." Interesting imitation of the morality play form with the temptations of the modern woman for its theme.

Maxine Elliott's.—Last week of "The Real Thing." Not impressive comedy of domestic life, starring Henrietta Crosman.

Playhouse.—"The Rack," by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. See above.

Republic.—"The Woman." Notice later.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Last week of "As a Man Thinks," in which a leading topic is the Jew and his position in American social life.

Wallack's.—"Disraeli," by Mr. Louis N. Parker. See above.

Weber's.—"A Man of Honor," by Mr. Isaac Landman. See above.

Are You a Pessimist?

If So, Now is the Opportunity to Join One of the Greatest Clubs in the World—Every Possible Discomfort—Dues Moderate Considering What You Get for Your Money



THE recent formation of a national club for pessimists is attracting universal attention. It has generally been felt that there should be some place where pessimists can congregate, in order to get away from all the alluring pleasures of the world.

Pessimists everywhere are joining. In case you have not yet become a pessimist you should join the club at once, as it affords the greatest facilities.

You come in contact with nobody but pessimists. This in itself is a great help.

The rules of the club are as follows:

No smiling allowed on the premises. Anyone not complaining of meals and not saying that the service at the tables is the worst he ever has seen will be fined.

Cheerful remarks should at once be reported to the head cynic.

Application for membership should be accompanied by a full account of applicant. He is liable to be blackballed if proved that he has led a cheerful life.

Somber clothes should be worn by members.

Members are expected to confide all their troubles to fellow members.

If members absent themselves for over a week from the morbid atmosphere of the club, it will be taken for

granted that they are enjoying themselves elsewhere. Their cases will be immediately looked into.

Married men can have free run of club at all hours of day and night.

Before entering club, every member will be required to read through, from beginning to end, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy and Schopenhauer's complete works; also the words and music of ten American comic operas.

The following letter has just been received. We give it in full, as it illustrates better than our weak words what the real meaning of the club is:

DEAR SIR:

I have been a member of your club for a week and can conscientiously say that I never—thanks to you—have been so unhappy in my life. Before joining, I was very much worried about myself because I found as I grew older I was becoming cheerful at times. This feeling of worry, which was more or less spasmodic, has now given place to a deep and settled melancholy, as I know now that I never shall be light-hearted again.

Since joining your club the bottom has dropped out of everything and I haven't a friend left in the world.

Your table alone would make a chronic dyspeptic out of a Sandow in three weeks.

God help us all!

Gratefully yours,

What is our object in forming this club? Not to make money! More money would insure a life of ease—something that we instinctively shudder at.

No! A thousand times no!

Our object is to unite all pessimists. By combining, we shall be able to enter

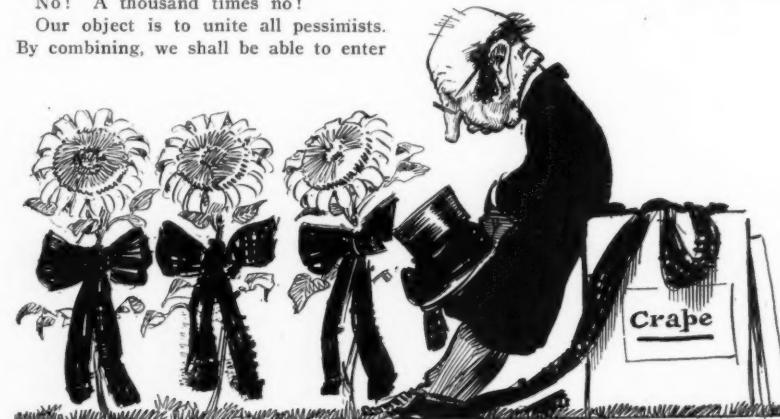


J.M.F.
NO SMILING ALLOWED ON THE
PREMISES

upon a vast propaganda, and gradually convert everybody to our own view. Scattered efforts never avail.

Fellow members, as you go abroad, you may perchance notice some poor, misguided being smiling unconsciously to himself. Do not hesitate. Step up to him and warn him that that smile may be his last one.

What hope is there, indeed, for any of us? This is a fleeting world of trou-



SOMBER CLOTHES SHOULD BE WORN



PLAYING HOUSE
ACCORDING TO THE NEW RULES

ble and sorrow. There is sadness everywhere, if we did but
attribute it to ourselves.

When you first arise in the morning, look at yourself in
the glass and say:

I will not forget myself once.

I will bear constantly in mind that I shall probably be
run over by something during the day and permanently
injured.

Disease and death are all about me.

"No hope! No hope!" shall be my constant thought.

Look inward, not outward; downward, not upward; be a
grouch!

Terms on application.

Luck

BRAGGS: Bah! Luck is but the product of care and dilige-
nence.

WAGGS: Yes. An old friend of mine had a swamp which
he couldn't get rid of, and, by a great deal of care and dilige-
nence, a railroad was run right through the middle of it and
now my friend is a rich man.

Of Course Men Leave the Army

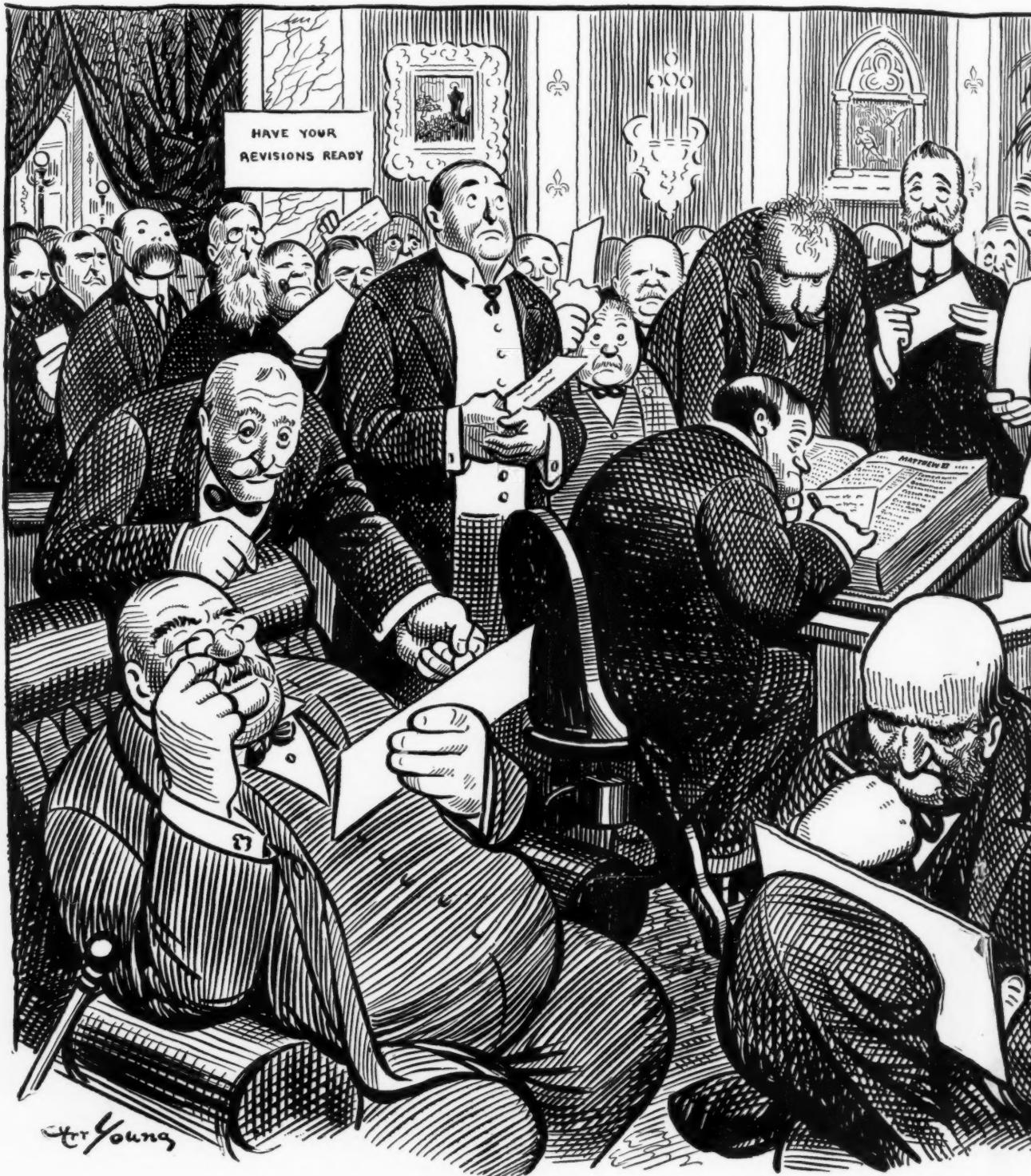
GENERAL FRED. GRANT cannot understand why so
many enlisted men buy their release from the army.
"When one thinks," he says, "of the generous provision the
Government makes for its soldiers, this restlessness cannot
be accounted for."

It seems easy to account for by going back to the asser-
tion in the early records that it is not good for man to be
alone. Few soldiers can marry, make homes and raise chil-
dren. The Government provides them with fairly good pay
and treatment, but it cannot provide them with wives, fami-
lies, independence and settled homes. What does the General
suppose that likely young men look ahead to if not to these
things?

It is not to be expected that average men should be satis-
fied with a bachelor life. They were architected and devised
with intentions to the contrary.

DO not worry so much about your enemies. Most of those
you suspect of direfully plotting against you are not
thinking of you at all.

LIFE



Perhaps It's the Bible Instead of the T

LIFE.



ead of the Tariff that Needs Revision

From Our Readers



We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

Those Millions of Americans

EDITOR LIFE:

Now that the great reciprocity fight is over, so far as this country is concerned, and the forces of morality and reforms have won a magnificent victory—for free print paper—it may be worth mentioning that the thirty or forty millions of male Americans who buy a fall suit will continue to pay a tax of over 100 per cent. on it.

To those who may find difficulty in raising the price of aforesaid suit it may be worth suggesting that two or three Sunday supplements folded under their summer clothes may help them to proper feelings of gratitude toward the Great Vetoer in the White House. Free paper for the sensational newspapers—exorbitant tariff taxes on everything else—surely the subjects of William H. should be supremely thankful.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.
September 5, 1911.

The Mexican As a Fighter

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR.—Of course, it's none of my dinged business, but just the same I can't forbear mentioning an instance in which Jack London recently made an elaborate display of ignorance. It was in his story "The Mexican." Jack tells thrillingly of a Mexican patriot who, to raise funds for the furtherance of his dear revolution, entered the prize-ring, endured an awful spell of pile-driver massage at the hands of his American opponent, but finally makes the other fellow take the count.

It is an excellent story, not only because of its accurate usage of ring-side terms, but because of its wonderful exhibition of human-nature faking. The only trouble with the story is that no Mexican ever has been found who will stand up before an opponent to have his features artistically mellowed. Jack can put over a big one by merely mentioning the name of any Castilian or near-Castilian who has ever, under any duress, consented to enter the ring.

All who know the Mexican will make oath that he doesn't use his fists in a

fight, public or private. The Mexican argues with a stiletto preferably, with a pistol if need be. Lacking weapons, he will run if he can; at bay he will fight with open hands, scratching and pinching. But when he is unarmed his chief method of attack is by biting, and he just dearly loves ears, noses, lips and chins.

Jack could have written a better story by showing that the doggedness of the ring is chiefly an Anglo-Saxon trait, sometimes pretty cleverly imitated by the colored brother. But he did show that ignorance of facts is no sort of hindrance to a well-known writer. In this, however, he was not original.

Very truly,

JOHN E. ROSSER.
AUSTIN, TEXAS, August 31, 1911.

The Soldier and Sailor

THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR.—Your brief, forceful and dignified article in regard to the respect due the uniform of the soldier and sailor of the United States, in your issue of August 31, is quite the finest thing of the sort that I have ever seen, and presents a pleasing contrast to many articles on the service, written by agitators who seem to have a strange perverted pride in their ignorance of the "regular" as a human being.

The attitude of the public toward the enlisted man is best illustrated by the conversation between two East Side merchants upon seeing the son of one of their neighbors in navy uniform (published in LIFE, as I remember):

"Vhere has Eckstein's son been?"

"Vhith Dewey, in Manila, makin' history."

"Fool; vhy didn't he stay in Baxter Street, with his fader, makin' moneysh?"

Please let me quote from Kipling, patron saint of the soldier:

"I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but
'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery, or round
the music-all's,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord!
they'll shove me in the stalls!"

Then it's Tommy this an' Tommy that,
an' 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?'

But it's 'thin red line of 'eroes' when
the drum begins to roll.

"Now we ain't no thin red 'eroes, nor
we ain't no blackguards, too,
But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;
And if sometimes our conduct isn't all
your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barracks don't grow
to plaster saints!
For it's Tommy this an' Tommy that,
an' 'Chuck him out, the brute!'
But it's 'Savior of his country' when
the guns begin to shoot;
'An' it's Tommy this an' Tommy that,
an' anything you please;
But Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you
bet that Tommy sees!"

Who gets sympathetic toleration
"when 'e's goin' large a bit," the carefully reared college man, with plenty of money and time, or the soldier on pay-day leave or Jack ashore after a cruise,
And who deserves it more?

J. D. M.

NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS.,
September 2, 1911.

For His Country

DEAR LIFE:

I am a constant reader of LIFE. I think it the best magazine in the United States, the best humorous magazine in the English-speaking world.

There is a picture in the issue of September 7, "Holdups in Italy and in the United States." You made a mistake; you should put them both in the United States. You never heard of any holdups in Italy in the last fifty years; besides, there are no more diligences.

Did you ever hear of any holdups of trains or of street cars in the United States? Everybody thinks in Europe that the United States has the primate of that.

Instead of Italian bandits, why not represent Swiss or French or even Italian hotel keepers? That would have been much more appropriate.

I am sending your paper to an Italian comic magazine; the laugh this time will be on you.

Excuse my macaroni English, but it is the best I can write.

I am an Italian and I love my country more than anything else. Do you not think that I am right in getting a little sore on your picture?

Intelligent people will understand your picture and have a good laugh at it, but many will simply believe that Italy is full of bandits.

Yours truly,

C. VIGO.
September 6, 1911.



A. D. 1920

Wife: GOODNESS, JOHN, HOW YOU DO STARTLE ONE!

Bad Boston

EVERYBODY knows, of course, that Boston is the cradle of debauchery, the home of scandal, the hotbed of vice. But we did believe that the less abandoned Bostonians could find safety in their art museum from the degrading atmosphere of the city streets. This item, from the *New York World*, gives us pain:

Protests against allowing school children of tender years to visit the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where some of the works of art are alleged to familiarize the beholders with vice, were received to-night by the School Committee from the Rev. Lawrence B. Greenwood, a leading Dorchester minister, and from the School Protective League.

Asking that all visits of pupils to the museum under guidance of teachers be stopped forthwith, the School Protective

League declares: "We believe this has manifestly tended to destroy the morals of the young and has played an important part in encouraging gross and deplorable immoralities."

If this be true, there seems little doubt that the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is, morally, a foul place.

Never

"NEVER" is a word which is wrongly defined in the dictionary.

In that book we gather the understanding that never means not at all forevermore.

But—

Each day in our broad land young women vow that they will never forgive young men.

Men lift their right hands to high

heaven and swear that they will never take another drink.

Husbands promise never to forget to write every day.

Wives promise never to make another extravagant and foolish purchase.

Candidates aver that they will never run for office again.

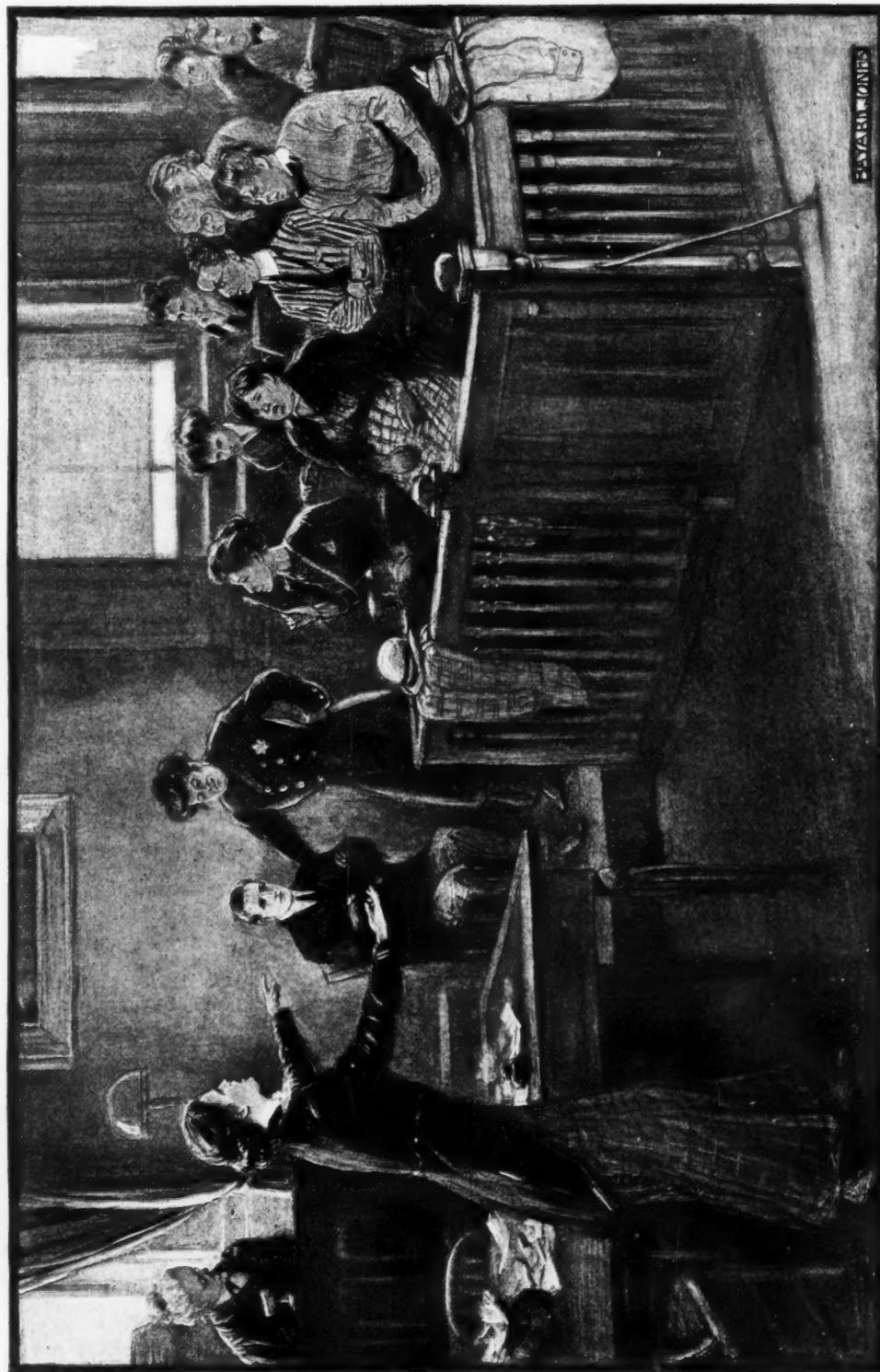
Women say they will never speak to some one any more.

Small boys say they never will eat green apples again.

In all these cases "never" means any length of time from one hour to four days.

To College Students

OPEN your mouth and shut your eyes,
And we'll give you something you think is wise.



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

"THIS MONSTER HAS KEPT US FROM WORKING IN THE PAST, DEPRIVED US OF THE RIGHT TO EARN OUR DAILY BREAD, DICTATED AS TO THE RAISING OF HIS WIFE'S CHILDREN, AND NOW, LADIES OF THE JURY, HE INSISTS THAT WE SUPPORT HIM IN LUXURY!"

If Things Were as They Sound



A MOTOR CYCLE WOULD BE LIKE THIS

New York Intimidated by
Italian Criminals

THE Sullivan law forbidding citizens of the State of New York to have firearms in their possession without a license may be described as another effort by Big Tim to adjust the laws of New York to the needs of his Italian constituents.

Something can be said in support of Big Tim's effort, but much more can be said for a searching and persistent effort to adjust Big Tim's constituents to the laws of New York. No doubt the decent Italians who stay here will be so adjusted in the course of time; in the second generation, if not completely in the first. But the bad Italians should get the heavy end of the stick.

The newspapers say there are from five to seven thousand guaranteed Italian criminals in full practice in this country. Their crimes, directed chiefly against their own countrymen, are of daily record in the papers, especially in New York. Are our authorities unable to handle these persons? Must the Revolutionary flintlock and the Gettysburg musket pay a license to stay on the walls of houses in this State because the scum of Naples intimidates New York?

What about it, Mr. Gaynor?
What about it, Mr. Waldo?
What about it, Big Tim?



A MILD LITTLE SOCIALIST LIKE THIS



AN ELEVATED TRAIN LIKE THIS

Woman Question and
Suffrage Question

THE woman suffrage question is too much discussed as though it was the whole woman question. Suffragists try to make it seem so, practising to make all women's rights, liberties and privileges appear to depend on her vote.

And, by the way, why doesn't she vote, anyhow?

Is it really because for a hundred million years—or whatever the period is—she has been bullyragged by Man, who somehow got the start of her? Or is it because she was born without a union card, or whatever it is that has made voters of men? This period—a hundred million years—is a long time for any competent squad of folks to continue to be oppressed. If that is charged it will be said that Woman is probably Irish—so handsome, so clever, so charming, so valiant, and yet such an age-long victim of inevitable tyranny!

Can it be that the reason women do not vote is that Man has always been a Monster?

Or may it be that the vote is kept from her for fear she will learn how little there is in it and be discouraged?

Maybe so; maybe so! Who can tell? But anyhow, the woman question and the woman suffrage question are not the same thing and not very closely connected.

E. S. M.



Burglar: JUST MY LUCK. LATE AS USUAL



Good Listeners

Senator Swanson of Virginia tells a good story on himself about the first political speech he ever made. He says: "I jumped up and began, 'Gentlemen, Herodotus tells us—'

"Which ticket's he on?" yelled the man with the red shirt.

"Herodotus tells us," I resumed with a gulp, "of a whole army that was put to flight by the braying of an ass." The crowd applauded and I felt fine. Then the man's voice rose above the din.

"Young feller," he called, "you needn't be afraid for this crowd. It's been tested." —*Buffalo Commercial*.

Cured Her, First Pop

"Does your wife often grieve because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?"

"She started to once, but I cured her of it the first rattle out of the box."

"I wish you would tell me how."

"I started right in to grieving with her. And I grieved harder and longer than she did." —*Houston Post*.



The Just Robbed: WOULD YOU MIND COMING HOME WITH ME AND VERIFYING MY STORY OF WHAT BECAME OF THE PAY ENVELOPE?

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And the Salesman Said—

He walked slowly up to the counter of the great universal emporium facing the well-known and largely-patronized A— Hotel, and stammered something about lace to the man behind the counter.

"Lace, sir," said the salesman. "Certainly, sir. We have the largest stock in the city. Will Valenciennes lace do you? Jones! Valenciennes forward!"

"But I only—" began the shopper.

"Or perhaps some point lace? Our lace trade revolves very largely on the variety. Smith! Lace forward!"

"Well—er—"

"We have every variety, sir, don't you worry. We shall be able to suit you."

"I know, but—"

"Here is the Valenciennes. Not what you require? Then what lace would you like, sir?"

"I want a boot-lace, please!"

—*Tit-Bits*.

"Do you think it is possible in these times for an honest man to get rich?"

"Certainly it is possible. Most of the rich men are honest."

"Yes, I know, but were they honest before they got rich?"

—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



Pride Before Profit

A Tribute to Certain Worthy Clothiers

There are more than a thousand clothes manufacturers in the United States. More than ten thousand merchants sell their product. Of these, a certain number put pride before profit in clothes.

Are you dealing with one of these merchants? Are you getting the best clothes your money will buy? If not, it's time you knew something of the shop near you where are sold

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

This famous make is the product of the finest tailoring institution in the world—a model plant where master craftsmen work with health and happiness, sunlight and fresh air for helpers.

The Book of Men's Fashions is sent free on request. Simply ask for Edition J.

LADLER-BROS. & CO.—ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Be a Pessimist!

Are you cheerful? Get rid of it.

Do you permit any sunshine in your life? Be honest with yourself and blot it out.

Are you struggling against your inevitable destiny, in hopes that something may turn up? Don't do it. It's a waste of time.

Do you recover easily from discouragement? Be warned in time.

The Pessimists' Club offers every disadvantage. Surrounded by pessimists, you are sure to be perpetually despondent.

Be a pessimist!

Fifteenth
Year

FIAT

The Master Car

THE model Poughkeepsie Plant of F.I.A.T., Turin, Italy, established to meet the increasing demand for Fiat cars in America, is building under the direct supervision of resident Italian Engineers, the 35 H. P. Shaft Drive Fiat with long stroke monobloc motor.

This exclusive Italian product, advanced in every detail of design and construction, is now marketed with no import charges and with a guarantee of resident factory service, at the price of high-grade American automobiles. The great value of Fiat ownership is therefore apparent.

\$4,500—Open Bodies

\$5,500—Limousine Bodies

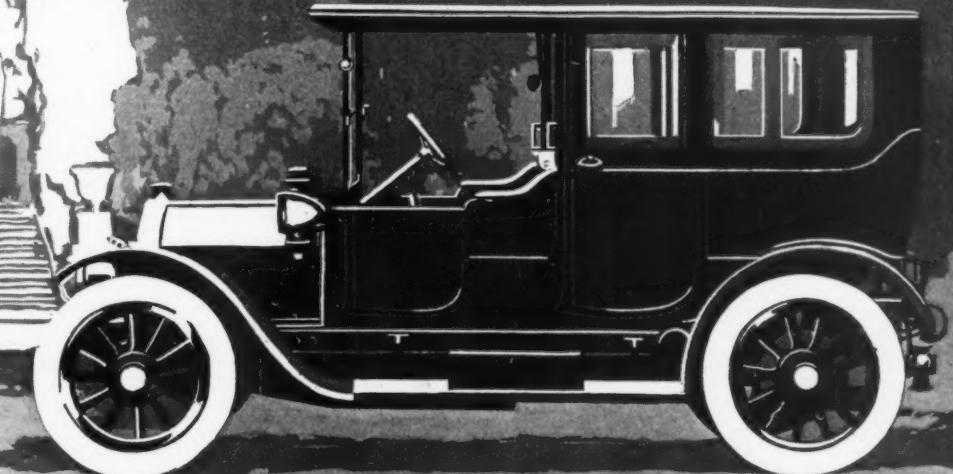
Completely Equipped

F·I·A·T

Poughkeepsie

New York

Advance Catalogues from Sales Dept. H



FIAT 35 H.P. FORE-DOOR LIMOUSINE



No matter how hard the day, how rough the night—

Red Raven
in the morning puts you right
try a bottle for that sleeping-car feeling

everywhere 15c



An Excusable Mistake

The irascible old gentleman had ordered a chicken, but when he got it he wasn't satisfied—some people never are.

"Waiter," he yelled, "bring a charge of dynamite and a hatchet and an extra double steam-power coke-hammer. This chicken's got to be carved, even if it is made of Dreadnought steel."

The waiter was desolate. "Very sorry, sir," he said, but that always was a peculiar bird. It even objected to be killed, though we always do everything with the greatest of kindness. But this bird, sir, actually flew away, and we had to shoot it, sir—yes, shoot it—it flew onto the top of a house and—"

"Say no more," said the old gentleman. "I see it all now. You shot at it and brought down the weathercock by mistake. John, my friend, all is forgiven."—*Tit-Bits*.

What's in a Name?

"So your name is Tommy Johnson and your mother's name is Smith?"

"Yes, miss; you see she married again and I didn't."—*Black and White*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

Next!

Mrs. S. T. Rorer, the cooking expert, compared French and American cooking in a lecture to the girl graduates of Chicago.

"American cooking, with its simple dishes and its free use of the grill," she said, "is healthful, but the rich sauces of French cooking and the liberal use of the frying pan make the French flabby and dyspeptic.

"I was once entertained at a Paris restaurant famous for its chef. We had such dishes as salmi of bécasse, étuvée of beef and aubergine au gratin, and then my host, leaning back with a satisfied smile, handed me the menu and said:

"And what'll you have next, Mrs. Rorer?"

"Well," said I, "I think we'll have indigestion next."

—*New York Tribune*.

A Business Suggestion

Bobby had worn his mother's patience to the limit.

"You are a perfect little heathen!" she remarked, giving way at last.

"Do you mean it?" demanded Bobby.

"I do indeed," said his mother.

"Then say, Ma," said Bobby, "why can't I keep that ten cents a week you gimme for the Sunday-school collection? I guess I'm as hard up as any of the rest of 'em."—*Harper's Weekly*.

What Costs

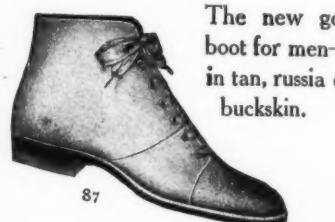
It doesn't cost very much to please a woman, but keeping her pleased is what causes many a man to go broke.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

The J. & J. Slater Shoe

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SHOWS with what nicety the slightest wish of fashion's leaders can be carried out, when designers and master craftsmen are given carte blanche in time as well as material.



The new golf boot for men—in tan, russet or buckskin.

The J. & J. Slater custom-made department especially appeals to those who insist upon a "made-to-measure" shoe. New illustrated price list, "A Package of Shoes," with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

J. & J. Slater

Broadway, at 25th Street
New York

A Noble Boy

Harold, aged nine, came home one day so bruised and dirty that his mother was thrown into a state of marked perturbation.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed in horror. "How on earth, my child, did you get your clothes and face into such a state?"

"I was trying to keep a little boy from getting licked," was Harold's virtuous, if hesitating reply.

"Well, that was fine!" said his mollified parent. "I am proud of you, sonny. Who was the little boy?"

"Me."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A Bird-Woman's-Eye View

The aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband in his airship.

"Wait a minute, George," she said. "I'm afraid we will have to go down again."

"What's wrong?" asked the husband.

"I believe I have dropped one of the pearl buttons off my jacket. I think I can see it glistening on the ground."

"Keep your seat, my dear," said the aviator, "that's Lake Erie."

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Caroni Bitters—One (1) pony glass before meals. Best Tonic and Appetizer. No home without it. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

Wherever quality gathers—

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

In NEW Sterilized Bottles Only

There Were Seven Men

There were seven men, and one was a fool,
And one was the boss of a country school;
The third was a man of wondrous brain,
The fourth was a crook, and the fifth insane:
The sixth was a preacher, the seventh a knave.
And they all were bound for the self-same grave.

The fool, as Time whirled its weary way,
Became a professor, honored and gray;
The schoolmaster worked from his low position
And became a national politician;
The brainy chap lost his mind; the crook
Became a priest, with his cowl and book—
And the crazy man recovered his mind
While the knave took to saving his fellow-kind;

And only one stuck to his trade of the seven—
The preacher kept preaching of Hell and Heaven.
There were seven men, there were seven minds,
There were seven humans of seven kinds;
And none who had known in their early days
These men who traveled their seven ways,
Would have thought that the crook would a parson be,
Or the knave would take up humanity.
But you never can tell—and the moral is here:
Don't accept things always as they appear,
For under the gristle and skin and bone
Is something that works in a way of its own—
And you never may know the saint from the knave.
This side of the edge of the common grave.

—Baltimore Sun.

THE HONE DOES IT

The D. & H. Honer and Stropper hones all makes of safety blades on a stone hone, finishes on a leather strop like the barber. At all dealers.



Price, \$3.00
Complete, Prepaid
Send for catalog
A. C. HAYDEN & CO.
BROCKTON, MASS.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine.

Stewart Hartshorn

"FATOFF" Makes fat people thin at the places where they want to be thin.

An EXTERNAL TREATMENT—not a medicine. Send for Booklet L. Tells of actual results.

M. S. BORDEN CO., 69 WARREN ST.

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KNOX NEW YORK

FOR 71 YEARS

THIS HAT HAS MARKED THE WAY TO NEW STYLES IN MEN'S HATS

Sailor's Wedding

A Jack-Tar just returned from sea, determined to commit matrimony; but at the altar the parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; on which Jack, thrusting a few shillings into the sleeve of his cassock, exclaimed, "Never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go."

A TUTOR at Princeton, lecturing a young man on his irregular conduct, added with great pathos: "The report of your vices will bring your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the pupil; "my father wears a wig."





"Likly" Overnight Bag

A short trip bag for business men, with moisture-proof pockets for all ordinary toilet accessories.

Every purchaser of
"Likly" Baggage

secures not only the highest quality materials that have ever been

used in the production of such goods, but also the intelligent effort and craftsmanship of the most skilled workers in the world, combined with the experience gained from 67 years of baggage-making. Ask your dealer for catalogues describing "Likly" Wardrobe Trunks, Guaranteed Hand Baggage, and Motoring Specialties.

"Likly" White Star Cabin Wardrobe

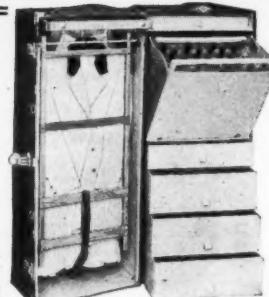
For Men and Women

Will carry 4 men's suits and overcoat or 6 to 8 gowns, and sufficient accessories for a week-end or Trans-Atlantic trip.

The Oldest Wholesale Makers of Baggage in America.

Henry Likly & Co. Established 1844 1032 Lyell Ave.

Rochester, N. Y.



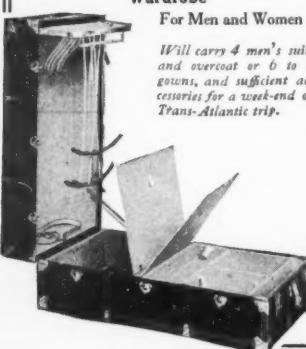
"Likly" Women's Wardrobe

Will carry 12 to 15 suits and gowns and the accessories to go with them. Special styles for men, also, and sizes to meet all baggage regulations.

If he cannot supply you, write direct to



If it's "Likly" Baggage, You've Bought the Best.



Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

For autumn week-end visits—
Ulsters, Fur and Fur-lined Coats and Jackets.
Shetland Sweaters, Vests, Mufflers, Gloves,
Norfolks, Knickerbockers, Breeches.
Heavy wool Stockings and Hose.
Trunks, Bags, Travelling Kits and separate
Fittings.
Heavy Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

BROADWAY, COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK

Business is Business

Count Caruzzia stood on the promenade deck of the large ocean steamer as it slowly slipped into the wharf in New York.

As he looked over the faces of the people who had gathered to meet the steamer, he rather expected to catch a glimpse of the one belonging to a young woman, extremely beautiful and extremely rich, for whose sake he had consented to make his journey. He had never seen her personally. But he had been privileged to gaze at a photograph.

But as he made his way down the gangway, no such young woman greeted him.

Suddenly, however, a young man stepped forward from the crowd. He bore the well-groomed, muscular air of the prosperous business American.

"You are Count Caruzzia?"

"Yes, sir." They shook hands.

"Step this way, sir. I am Miss Van Peters's confidential man. Won't you kindly get into this machine?"

In a moment the two were seated in the large automobile—one of the Van Peters's dozen or more—and were speeding uptown. The count was just getting his breath.

"Now, sir," said the young man, as they whizzed uptown, "Miss Van Peters has intrusted me with this affair, and as this is America, and business is business, please be so good as not to delay matters, as I can only spare a few hours."

"What do you wish me to do?" stammered the count.

Young Calder glanced at his watch.

"It's all arranged," he said carelessly. "You see, we have to do these things in advance. It might disarrange our whole banking system if even this little affair of yours went wrong. Here we are."

They stopped before a large bank. They entered. Calder led the way into a private room.

"Miss Van Peters's father," he said, nodding to a large man. "Are the papers ready, sir?"

"All ready," said Van Peters, shaking hands cordially with the count. "Sign here, please. Here's a certified check for a million, as I cabled."

The count started to stammer again.

"Pardon," said Calder. "Sorry to hurry you, but the ceremony must take place in twenty minutes. Here's your money. Certified check same as cash, you know. Give it to you in gold if you wish it. This paper is merely an acknowledgment on your part—as you will see."

Van Peters was already half way out.

"Directors' meeting," he said, and disappeared.

Before he knew it the count had signed the paper, and, holding his precious certified check in one hand, was hustled out to the machine.

"Church," said Calder.

"My clothes," muttered the count. "A frock coat at least."

"Doesn't matter," replied Calder. "Nobody dresses here except the women. Being a foreign nobleman you can wear what you please."

They were at the church. A large throng had gathered—as usual.

They were escorted in by a squad of policemen.

"Here she is," whispered Calder. "Oh, I had forgotten you had never met. Here Alice—this is the count. No time to lose. Don't walk so fast up the aisle as if you were catching a train, but still, remember every minute counts."

Before he knew it, the count was nearing the altar* with Alice Van Peters on his arm.

The ceremony took only five minutes. Usual time is seven.

In six minutes they were back in auto, Calder in front. He glanced at his watch.

"Four minutes late," he groaned. "Hit her up, Louis," to the chauffeur.

They whizzed along downtown.

* Description of bride's dress omitted here, as author has only just time to write story before leaving for South America.

"Where now?" whispered the count, unconsciously taking on the vocabulary.

"Divorce mill."

They stopped. They entered.

"Miss Van Peters—beg pardon—Countess Caruzzia's lawyer," said Calder. "All ready, old man," as they were ushered into another private office.

"All ready," replied the lawyer. "Parents waiting."

He brought them out.

"Sign here," he said to the count.

"What's this?" exclaimed the count.

"Your divorce, of course," explained Calder; "you didn't expect to live with her, did you?" he said impatiently. "That's gone out of style long ago. Besides, that wasn't in the bargain. You've been paid for your name."

The count gasped.

"But," he exclaimed, "I rather like her. She"—he looked at his temporary wife—"is very beautiful."

"Tut, tut. Sign here, please, or the district attorney will have you locked up over night for breach of faith. He's a friend of mine."

The count, trembling with fear, signed.

"Now," said Calder, "you are free—with your money."

He held out his hand.

"Good-by, old man. Glad to have met you."

The countess—that was—also held out her hand. "Thank you, so much," she said, "for your trouble. I hope you will enjoy your money."

And thus they parted.

C. T.

Secrets

The reply of Charles the Second when importuned to communicate something of a private nature, is not without its permanent value. "Can you keep a secret?" asked the subtle monarch.

"Most faithfully," returned the nobleman.

"So can I," was the laconic and severe answer of Charles.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D. imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

For Nervous and mild Mental diseases. Has separate cottages for Alcohol and Drug patients. Address DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.



Philip Morris ENGLISH MIXTURE AND CUT PLUG

Into these two brands we've put our years and years of tobacco knowledge, producing a smoke that *is* a smoke. Not everyone will appreciate the Philip Morris aroma—good tobacco never appeals to all.

We ask \$2.00 the pound in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 tins, and it's an economical buy at that—one plus one of tobacco value, *not* one tobacco plus a dollar's duty—yet the principle and quality is the same that we have followed in London since you all were kids. If your dealer does not stock these tobaccos, send us his name and address and 25c for sample of English Mixture or Cut Plug.

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd.

417 West Broadway, New York City

Factories: New York Montreal London Cairo



PEOPLE YOU KNOW

McCutcheon's
Linen
Catalogue
Free on Request

WE have been specialists in Housekeeping Linens, Handkerchiefs and Linen goods of all kinds for more than half a century.

Our assortments are so comprehensive that the phrase—"Anything worth having in Linen can be had at McCutcheon's" has become proverbial.

We believe in the old-fashioned standards of integrity and trustworthiness combined with thoroughly up-to-date merchandise.

Our new catalogue—just published—is a convenient handbook of what "The Linen Store" has to offer.

It illustrates a large variety of the newest designs and styles in the various lines of goods which we carry. Write for a copy of Catalogue No. 20 to

James McCutcheon & Co.
34th St. & 5th Ave., New York

Firmness

Firmness is a good thing in its place, but we should early learn that to be firm we need not stand up against a cyclone till our internal economy is blown into the tops of the neighboring trees. Moral courage is a good thing, but it is useless unless you have a liver to go along with it. Sometimes a man is required to lay down his life for his principles, but the cases where he is expected to lay down his digester on the altar of his belief, are comparatively seldom.—Bill Nye.

The Nude

Ever since the first court dressmaker ordained that the beauty of the human form should be enhanced by a string of shark's teeth and a few daubs of green paint it has been generally recognized that the simple nude is objectionable to our advancing civilization. Prehistoric sumptuary laws made it penal for any warrior to go abroad wearing less than one feather, or for any lady to be seen in public without the seemly and sufficient covering of a bone ring worn modestly in the nose; and the up-to-date civic authorities of pork-packing Kansas City have within the present year put the keystone in the arch of modern decency by decreeing that the classic statues in the public park shall be henceforth draped in garments of spotted cotton. The world's sense of shame has been progressive, and, in proportion as city slums, millionaires, beef trusts, shipping rings and other respectable institutions have grown, the objection to the nude has increased.

In really civilized parts of the world small household dogs have shared in the delicate fastidiousness of their mistresses, and there is reasonable hope that the day of the naked cow and the ungarmented horse is fast drawing to a close. Everywhere the crude handiwork of Nature is being adorned and improved upon. Shoulders, waists and hips are wrought to Parisian design, and at the present moment there is a wild outcry against the fashionable heresy which dares to suggest that the human female is bifurcated and possessed of nether limbs which extend above the feet and ankles. The glorious recognition of the fact that manhood consists mainly of tweed, and womanhood of silk and cotton, has come to us in all its fullness. We think of the crude beginnings of respectability in the days of bead necklace, flowing whisker and tawny leopard skin, and we rejoice to think that even the wild persons who disport themselves in the ocean surf wear a hundred per cent. more clothing than all the gods of Olympus could have mustered in their entire wardrobe. By what a wealth of textile wonder is the washerwoman of to-day better than the goddess of old time!

—Sydney Bulletin.

The Twig Was Already Bent

There's a dear wee pink li'l baby on this train. A few minutes ago an elderly man stopped to peek-a-boo at it.

"A fine youngster," he said to its demure mother. "I hope you will bring him up to be an upright, conscientious man."

"Yes," smiles the young mamma, "but I'm afraid it will be a bit difficult."

"Pshaw!" says he, "'as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined.'

"I know it," agreed mamma, "but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it go at that."

—Portland Oregonian.

Speculation vs. Investment

TO buy a field of wheat, standing, is much more precarious than the purchase of wheat by the bushel, after it has been threshed and separated from the chaff and straw.

Yet nearly every advertiser buys his space in this manner—paying a fixed price for straw, chaff, and grain, and not knowing the proportion of each.

Neither advertiser nor publisher (in the main) recognizes the vital necessity for measuring "circulation good-will," which is that portion of circulation that presents a potential receptivity, in mind and purse, to the commodity under consideration.

The time is near when every advertiser will insist on having every publisher demonstrate, rather than his "circulation," his "circulation good-will,"

—as COLLIER'S does.

COLLIER'S publishes a circulation analysis, by states, buying centers, and occupations of readers—an analysis which will be demonstrated, upon request, to any advertiser, or agent, or prospective advertiser,

—an analysis that shows you, absolutely, that part of COLLIER'S audience which can be interested in your proposition and that portion which cannot,

—which places the selling of space on a business basis.

To. B. Patterson
Manager Advertising Department



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

416 WEST 18TH ST., NEW YORK



THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Sure of One Thing

A prominent planter once had occasion to visit some of his holdings in southern Arkansas. The land was situated several miles from a railroad and it was necessary to finish the journey in a buggy. So he took a friend with him and started out.

After traversing several miles of sparsely settled country, they came upon a farmer plowing corn on the side of a hill. The planter, wishing to appear civil to his neighbors, stopped his horse and yelled at the man, who came to the fence, mopping his face with a red bandana.

"Good morning."
"Mornin', mister."



The Great English Demulcent Shaving Cream

EUX-E-SIS

Pronounced (UX-E-SIS)
Soothing to the Tenderest Skin

Saves time—no soap, brush or cup needed—a tube of EUX-E-SIS and a razor, that's all. This celebrated English shaving cream has for a third of a century been used by men of refinement and nice habit. It quickly softens the hardest beard so you can shave in half the time with twice the comfort. Leaves the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a treasure to travelers. Ideal for use with the safety razor. None genuine without the signature *Aimee Lloyd* in red ink on tube. Sold by best druggists.

45c, a tube—extra large, 90c. Send for explanatory booklet.

PARK & TILFORD, Fifth Ave., New York

Import Agents

Manufactured by Aimee Lloyd & Co., London, Eng.

Sunlight grows the Hops But will ruin the Brew



Many Americans prefer beer in a light bottle.

Most brewers follow the course of least resistance.

Light starts decay even in pure beer.

Dark glass gives protection against light.

Schlitz is sold in brown bottles, to protect its purity from the brewery to your glass.

The first Schlitz was brewed in a hut over 60 years ago.

Now our agencies dot the earth. Our output exceeds a million barrels a year.

If you knew what we know about beer, you would say, "Schlitz—Schlitz in Brown Bottles."

Order a case from your dealer today.

See that crown or cork is branded "Schlitz."

Schlitz
The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous



1-M

"You live here, I suppose?"

"Yep."

"How's crops?"

"Fair tub middlin'."

"That's a bad hill you're plowing."

"I know it. Bad hoss pullin' the plow, bad plow, bad everything."

"Why, you talk like you were the poorest man in Arkansas," laughed the planter.

"I ain't, though," was the response, as the young farmer smiled good-naturedly. "Another feller owns half o' this crop."

Establishing His Identity

A lady in a southern town received notice from her cook that that lady was about to leave her service in order to enter into the holy state of matrimony.

"Why," said she, "Chloe, I didn't even know you had an admirer."

"Oh, yaas ma'am, for some time."

"Who can it be, Chloe?"

"Don't you member, Miss Lizzie, dat I attended de funeral of a fren' o' mine about two weeks ago?"

"Yes."

"Waal, ma'am, its de corps's husband."



The feeling it gives your skin the first time you use it is a promise of what its steady use will do.

Rub its lather in

One function of the skin is to absorb.

To revive, to freshen up a neglected, lifeless skin, rub in the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's contains properties which are helpful to the skin, which resupply what has been exhausted from the skin by modern conditions.

Rub its lather in gently but persistently for several minutes.

Rinse in cold water, then rub a piece of ice over your face and throat.

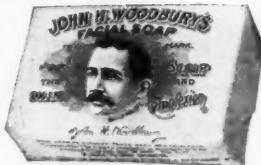
This treatment will result in active, glowing skin.

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For 4c we will send sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2605 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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G. H. Brinkler, Food Expert, Dept. 72, Washington, D. C.

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Bachelors and Old Maids

(Is the number of bachelors and old maids declining? There are no available statistics, but over two hundred years ago, in London, there seems to have been as many as there are in New York to-day. The following remarks by Jonathan Swift apply equally as well to New York during the present day as they did to London in 1750.)

Lately, in company with my friend in black, whose conversation is now both my amusement and instruction, I could not avoid observing the great numbers of old bachelors and maiden ladies with which this city seems to be overrun. "Sure, marriage," said I, "is not sufficiently encouraged, or we should never behold such battered beaux and decayed coquettes, still attempting to drive a trade they have been so long unfit for and swarming upon the gaiety of the age. I behold an old bachelor in the most contemptible light, as an animal that lives upon the common stock without contributing his share; he is a beast of prey, and the laws should make use of as many stratagems and as much force to drive the reluctant savage into the toils, as the Indians when they hunt the rhinoceros. The mob should be permitted to hallo after him, boys might play tricks on him with impunity, every well-bred company should laugh at him, and if, when turned of sixty, he offered to make love, his mistress might spit in his face, or what might perhaps be a greater punishment, should fairly grant the favor."

"As for old maids," continued I, "they should not be treated with so much severity, because I suppose none would be so if they could. No lady in her senses would choose to make a subordinate figure at christenings when she might be the principal herself; nor curry favor with a sister-in-law when she might command a husband; nor toil in preparing custards when she might lie abed and give directions how they ought to be made; nor stifle all her sensations in demure formality when she might, with matrimonial freedom, shake her acquaintance by the hand and wink a double entendre. No lady could be so very silly as to live single if she could help it. I consider an unmarried lady, declining into the vale of years, as one of those charming countries bordering on China, that lies waste for want of proper inhabitants. We are not to accuse the country, but the ignorance of its neighbors, who are insensible of its beauties, though at liberty to enter and cultivate the soil."

The Depth of Sanctity

Moliere, the great comic poet of France, died while performing a part in one of his own plays. The Archbishop of Paris would not allow his body to be inhumed in consecrated ground. Therefore the king sent for the arch-

Ask the Jeweler
to show you the

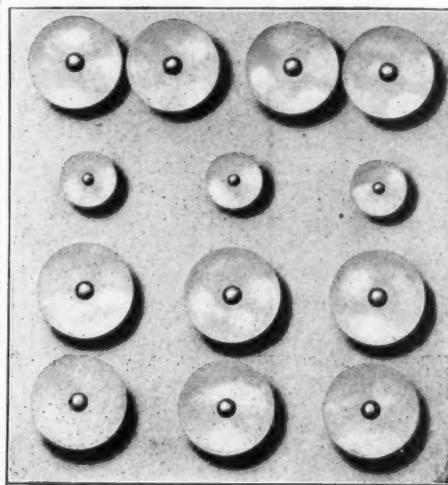
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Makers of the famous Krementz Collar Button

bishop and expostulated with him, but he was obstinate and would not willingly comply with his majesty's request. The king desired to know how many feet deep the holy ground reached. The bishop replied, "About eight."

"Well," replied the king, "I find there is no getting over your scruples; let his grave be dug twelve feet; that is four feet below your consecrated ground."

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"Say, that was a real shave!"

You can't get a real shave without a real razor. The Durham-Duplex is a real razor. It shaves. It slides smoothly over the face, severing the whiskers with the correct diagonal stroke, like a scythe mows grass. It leaves the skin soft and velvety—not rough and harsh as after the scraping of hoe-shaped "safeties."

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Strop your blades

Every razor set includes a stropping attachment that's put on in a jiffy. This attachment enables you to strop blades like an expert.

It gives the blade just the right set for a keen, even edge. With this attachment you can use the razor like an ordinary straight razor if you wish. Durham-Duplex Blades are made of special steel and hold their edge. We have made the Durham-Duplex Blade the Standard of the World and will maintain it. 50c will buy 12 Cutting Edges (6 Blades).

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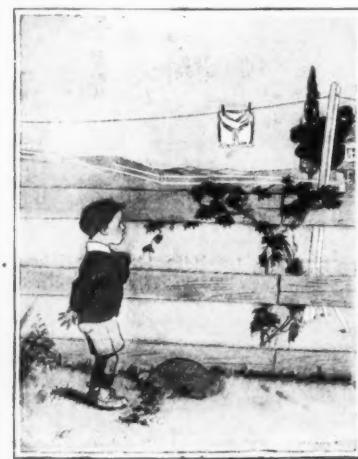


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THE LAND OF LONG AGO

This picture appeared in LIFE a year ago and attracted wide-spread comment. Reproduced in photogravure and mounted for framing, 14 x 20, \$1.00.

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31 St., New York

Extras

The Moan of Many a Man

I don't mind the work,
The regular job,
The thing I can do,
And know how to do,
And get used to it.

It's not this that frets,
And hinders and pulls,
And puts out of joint.

It's extras I mind,
It's this and it's that
I don't know about,
And cannot plan for,
And do not expect.

It's speeches to make,
And nothing to say;
It's calls to return,
And presents to give,
And letters to write,
Committees to meet,
And bores I must hear,
And quarrels adjust,
And jealousies calm,
And meetings for this,
And meetings for that,
And things I must do
That no one wants done,
That have to be done
Because they're the thing.

It's little things here,
And little things there,
That busy men do
"Because, as you know,
If you want a thing done,

"It's the Finest Fish I Ever Saw"

That is what every one says of our

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CODFISH

The fish from which this is made are caught on those Banks where the best and thickest codfish are found. It is the finest selection of the catch, cut into thick, white, flaky pieces, all bones removed. The fish is carefully packed in an improved hinge-cover box lined with waxed paper.

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91 Then up spake the shade of Epictetus,
"Yes, in many things you moderns beat us.
In the old days of yore
'Twas a bore to keep score." [us.]
To night better the Rad-Bridge 'you treat'
NEW "BASKET-WALET" PLAYING CARDS
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Ten cent in stamps (less than cost) we send our sample wallet of
Bridge accessories, "The standard of the Bridge world."
Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

You go to a man
Who has all he can do."
I don't mind my work,
My regular job,
If that were just all.
It's extras I mind,
That take up my time,
And eat up my strength,
And never say "Thanks."

And heaven, I think,
Will just be a place
Where each man will do
His job—and no more.

Amos R. Wells.

An Agreeable Practice

Dr. Garth, who was one of the Kit-Kat Club, coming there one night, declared he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced he forgot them. When Sir Richard Steele reminded him of his patients, Garth immediately said: "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not; for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have so good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."—Mark Lemon's *Jest Book*.

Estimation of Genius

Charles the Fifth asked Michael Angelo one day in what estimation he held Albert Durer. When, with all the noble frankness of a man of genius, who knows how to appreciate superior talents, he instantly replied: "I esteem him so highly that I would if I were not Michael Angelo, much rather be Albert Durer than even Charles the Fifth."

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Laboratory News

[Editor's Note.—We think it so important that our readers should know something of the marvelous discoveries of modern research that we will issue, from time to time, a bulletin relating to the same, couched in popular language devoid of technicalities.]

Dr. Aggoney Sharpe is at work upon a remarkable series of experiments. He proposes to take a man and a dog, and put the man's heart in the dog's body, the dog's heart in the man's body, without interfering with the vital processes. The eminent Dr. Hardasnails, also of the Hackafeller Institute, has volunteered to be the subject of the experiment. If successful, the advantage to Dr. Hardasnails is obvious; there appears to be nothing in it for the dog.

After months of unremitting effort, Dr. Cuttaway Ahl has grafted the skin of an Angora cat on the cheeks of a man who had never been able to raise whiskers. The operation was a brilliant success, but unfortunately the animal had a strain of the tortoise shell in its pedigree, which the transplanting seems to have brought out, giving the patient one yellow whisker and a black-and-white one. He is hesitating between the Scylla of the dye pot and the Charybdis of the razor. We are sorry to recount this occurrence, for the eyes of bald-headed men all over the country have been on the experiment from the beginning.

The daring work of Dr. Lettam Rythe has long been the wonder of the profession. His latest achievement is the substitution of cats' eyes for human. So many people must work at night—night

watchmen, seamstresses, burglars, etc.—that there is a wide field for this new discovery. It is well known that cats see in the dark. The saving in gas bills in a few years may be confidently depended upon to pay the interest on the operation fee.

We have printed at length on another page Dr. Poysen Van Squert's masterly article concerning the action of his priceless new serum (No. 706). For the non-professional reader we may state briefly that after two or three hypoder-

mics of this remarkable serum begin to get in their work the patient finds that his original malady sinks into insignificance.

C. Hilton-Turvey.

A Swiss Retort

A French officer, quarreling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for money, "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor." "Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that he most wants."



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says **GRENVILLE KLEISER** (lately of Yale Faculty)

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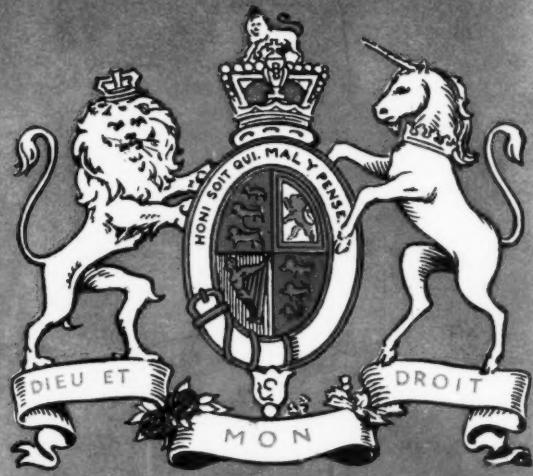
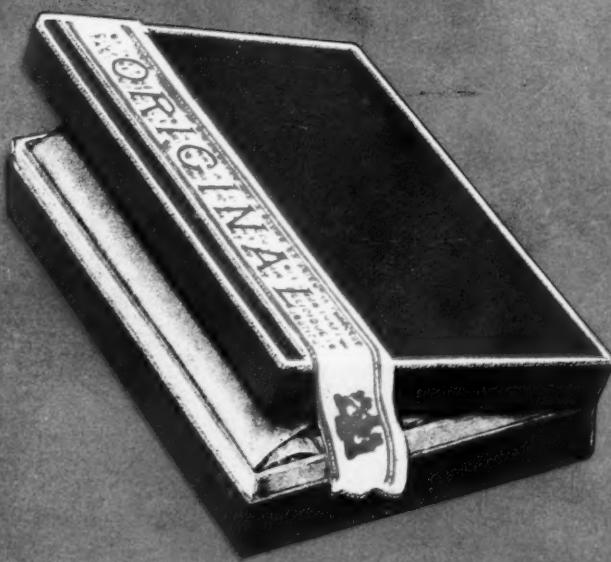
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